

THE
REWARD OF PIETY

A TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM AND AFFECTION

To the Memory of

MR. JAMES GREEN,

OF BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.

"Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom."

"The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is—spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay."

" Know,
Without star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God shall find Him : Humble Love,
And not proud Reason, keeps the door of Heaven ;
Love finds admission, where proud Science fails."



MONUMENTAL TABLET.

See App

A La Riviere

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To the Memory of
MR. JAMES GREEN,
OF BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.

BEING
A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

BY THE
REV RICHARD RAY.

LONDON:
HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.;
SOLD ALSO BY JOHN MASON.

MDCCCLXI.

"To virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may censure or condemn."

"FRIEND after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end :
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest."

TO
JAMES GREEN, ESQ.,
SOLICITOR, BRADFORD.

MY DEAR SIR,

It affords me no ordinary degree of satisfaction and pleasure thus publicly to recognise in you a son so worthy of him whose virtue and piety the following pages are intended to commemorate. His path you have carefully marked, and in his footsteps you are seeking diligently to tread. I trust you will ever be influenced by the same spirit, and aided by the same grace, with which he was so richly imbued. Allow me, my dear Sir, to present to

yourself, and to the other branches of your interesting family, this brief record of your father's worth. By whatever imperfections this performance may be marked, I hope it will be received as a small but sincere token of the author's respect and esteem for the character of his deceased friend. That its perusal may afford to yourself and others some little pleasure, as well as real profit, is the earnest wish of,

My dear Sir,

Yours truly,

RICHARD RAY.

Milton, next Gravesend,

January, 1861.

PREFACE.

“HUMAN nature is fond of novelty.”

WHEN offering a new book to the public, it has been usual to prefix to it some apologetic or explanatory statement. Whether this is wise or necessary in every case, the author of the present little volume is not quite sure; but as long-continued and almost universal practice has given to the reader a kind of prescriptive right to expect something of the sort, he deems it better, on the whole, to observe than to depart from so general a custom; at the same time gathering relief from the fact,

that, if there be truth in the aphorism, "A great book is a great evil," it is not his intention to inflict that upon his readers.

The gentleman, whose career he has endeavoured to delineate, was well known to the writer, and highly appreciated for his moral and religious worth. Being called upon, in the course of his ministerial duty, to improve the event of this gentleman's decease, he preached his funeral sermon at Eastbrook chapel, Bradford, on the evening of Sunday, the 14th of November, 1858, to a large and deeply-attentive congregation; and, at its close, read a paper descriptive of his life and character. This sketch, the numerous members of the deceased's family expressed an earnest wish to possess in some permanent form, and urged its immediate

publication. For some time the author, on various considerations, felt the greatest disinclination to accede to their request. During the whole of his ministerial life his other engagements have been so numerous as to leave him but little leisure for those literary pursuits which are essential to successful authorship, and he could not persuade himself that either the matter embodied in the sketch, or the manner in which it was drawn up, would justify him in complying. Repeated entreaties, however, accompanied by strong and importunate remonstrances, have at length prevailed on him to yield. He has, therefore, subjected the sketch to a thorough revisal, and, with some amplification, cast it into its present shape. That it has still many imperfections, he knows full well; but he has done what he could. If it should

meet the approval of those at whose call it is sent forth, he will be abundantly satisfied; and if, perchance, in addition to this, it should be made a benefit to others, his object will be more than realized. He now, with much diffidence, commits it to the press, commending it to the candour of the reader and the blessing of God.

“Truth fears nothing but concealment.”



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“ Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise.
He who defers the work from day to day
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
Till the whole stream, which stopp'd him, should be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.”

“ Nature stamps all men equal at their birth ;
Virtue alone the difference makes on earth.”

THE
REWARD OF PIETY:

A TRIBUTE

CHAPTER I

Introductory.

NO species of writing is more calculated to instruct the heart, improve the character, or promote the well-being of society, than biography. Other departments of literature may furnish books adorned with a larger amount of erudition, enriched by more diversified talent, or indicating, in their execution, greater skill. In none of these, however, will there be found a preponderance of the truly useful and thoroughly practical. Works which treat

of the mysteries of religion, or the arcana of science and art, may be rated at a higher value, and, in many respects, may even be regarded as possessing a greater intrinsic worth; but, tested by the standard of utility, they fail to make good their claim to a positive superiority. It is true, publications of this class tend to expand the intellect, inform both the judgment and conscience, and furnish rich and profitable material for thought and reflection; but they may, nevertheless, fail to influence the conduct or benefit the life. From these we may deduce the rules and principles of action; but, if we wish to see those principles developed in their results, those rules exemplified in practice, we must look elsewhere.—We must turn our attention to those humbler and less pretentious volumes, whose business it is truthfully to narrate and faithfully to portray the real and actual thinkings and doings of individual men. This is the province of biography, which, by showing us how other men have lived and acted, teaches us how we are to live and act ourselves.

“Who is a proper subject for biography?” is a question which it may not be easy to determine. Its solution, indeed, in every case, will mainly depend on the particular object which the biographer has in contemplation. If his purpose be to inflame the passions, excite ambition, and lead men to covet worldly honour and applause, then none will be so suited to his pen as those who have been distinguished by heroic valour—famed for chivalry and deeds of blood—stood prominently on the arena of political debate—exercised successfully the functions of the diplomatic art—pleaded at the bar with an eloquence which uttered “thoughts that breathed and words that burned”—acquired singular eminence by varied scholastic lore, or held with a firm and unrelaxing grasp the reins by which the state is guided—now exciting hope—now despair.

“Chain’d to her shining car, Fame draws along,
With equal whirl, the great and vulgar throng.”

But if his aim is simply to make his fellow-men

better,—to qualify them to be worthier members of the family, the community, and the church,—to induce them to “think on whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,”—to impel them to imitate virtue and emulate piety; then he will find a fitting subject in any man who has done his duty in that station of life in which it has pleased Providence to place him, and been distinguished for his industry, integrity, benevolence, and godliness. The former have their glory; but it is ephemeral and transient—a meteor’s glare that dazzles with its splendour for the while, and then vanishes and disappears. The latter have also their glory, less showy and demonstrative, it is true, but more substantial and enduring. It “shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.”

“In the lives of holy men,” says Baxter, “we see God’s image and the beauties of holiness, not only in precept, but in reality and practice; not

pictured, but in substance: and holiness in *visible realities* is more apt to affect the world than a portraiture and precept only."

"A good life," says Logan, "is one of those pictures whose perfection arises from the nice and the minute strokes. It is not one blazing star, but the host of lesser lights, which forms the beauty of the heavens."

That the subject selected by the author is not unworthy, is a point on which he himself is perfectly satisfied. In his estimate, Mr. Green was, in many respects, a model man; and if the picture here given of him only bears some tolerable likeness to the original, he doubts not but that the opinion which he entertains will be that of his readers also. Whether the writer has succeeded in doing him justice, and pencilled out in bold relief his fine proportions and beautiful features, he must leave to others to determine. If he has failed, the fault must not be charged to the want of merit or excellency in him whom he has attempted to describe, but must be attributed solely and

entirely to his own unskilfulness. In that case the regret must be,—and in that regret none will participate more deeply than himself,—that the sketch should not have been undertaken and prepared for the press by some abler and more competent hand. Still,—

“In every work, regard the author’s end,
Since none can compass more than they intend.”



CHAPTER II.

Native County—Riding and Town.

“MAN, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.”

MONTGOMERY.

AMONG the counties of Great Britain, Yorkshire may be regarded as taking the lead. Under whatever aspect it is viewed, whether socially, politically, or morally, it claims and holds a place second to none. Various circumstances, not all equally, nor yet separately, but each in its own degree, and in combination with the rest, have contributed to give it this pre-eminence. Among others we may mention the peerless extent of its

area—the number and the size of its navigable rivers—the magnitude and importance of its principal towns—the salubrity and fertility of its flats and marshes—the undulating and picturesque beauty of its wolds and uplands—the richness and variety of its mineral productions—the multiplicity and diversity of its manufactures—and, above all, the intelligence, thrift, energy, and fervid religiousness of its teeming population.

During the last century changes truly marvellous have taken place in this county. This remark applies more especially to that part of it known as the West Riding. Here a hundred years ago rustic and pastoral simplicity reigned supreme. The kine browsed quietly in the verdant glen, and the flocks cropped the grass from the maiden soil on brow and down. The limpid stream, flowing pure and unpolluted, meandered through both dell and vale, with scarcely a wear or dam to bar its course ; while on its banks the angler, with rod and fly, busied and amused himself in decoying the dace and silvery trout. Nature's fair face was then

but seldom disfigured by the huge and unsightly mounds thrown up by the burrowing and delving miner, or the atmosphere fouled and darkened by the smoking furnace. The operative had, to a large extent, for his factory, his own cot;—the piston stroke, the self-adjusting frame, and the complexed and power-wrought loom were all unseen, unheard; and he was wont to depend more on his muscle than his brain, on the aptness of his hand than the skill of his mind. No network of metal lines then joined town to town or hamlet to hamlet. No snorting of the iron-horse, hurrying swiftly along with its appendant train, then disturbed the repose of the quiet and slumbering village. The principal medium of communication and intercourse was the King's highway, or parish road, traversed by the dull pack-horse or lumbering wain. But how altered is the present! Rural pursuits have become mere secondary things. The manufacturing and commercial interests are everywhere paramount and in the ascendant; and the mine, the furnace, or the mill, greets the eye at every turn. In this

district, especially, there is a fine exhibition of the supremacy of man. Here nature has been singularly subjected to art, and its motive power is no longer dependent on the number or vigour of its stalwart sons. By the introduction of machinery, and the application of steam, the means and facilities of production have been increased indefinitely; while traffic has been rendered easy and expeditious by a system of railways ramifying everywhere, and connecting not only one portion of the Riding with the others, but the whole with the various marts of the United Kingdom, and through these with the most distant markets of the world.

Towards the western side of this division of the county, and not far from the borders of Lancashire, is situated the beautiful, fertile, and well-watered valley of the Aire. Here some of the stupendous and wonderful transformations to which we have just adverted, may be seen developed on as grand a scale as in any portion of this important district. Leaving, at the Shipley junction, the line of rail, which connects the borough of Leeds with that of

Bradford, and ascending the gradient towards Morecambe, the first object of interest that attracts the traveller's attention is the splendid and magnificent establishment recently erected by Titus Salt, Esq., M.P., and called after him, Saltaire. The factory is the largest of its kind in England; has no rival in the world; and wears the aspect of a palace rather than of a mill. Adjoining, but on the opposite side of the railway, and harmonizing in their character with the style of the main building, are numerous residences for the managers and operatives, constituting as promising a hamlet as you could wish to look upon. Connected with the whole (for Mr. Salt has been unsparing in his efforts to promote the comfort and improvement of his work-people) is another edifice, whose graceful and imposing outline at once bespeaks its sacred and important character. This is an erection consecrated to the public worship of Almighty God, and the regular administration of Divine truth; and does equal credit to the mind and heart,—the taste and feeling,—of its proprietor. But Mr. Salt has not satisfied

himself in providing for the moral and religious instruction of those in his employ by the erection of a church, the internal fittings of which are as exquisite as its exterior is imposing, and by attaching to it an evangelical and faithful ministry; he has also combined with these essential arrangements the greatest facilities for promoting secular instruction and mental culture. The school and lecture-rooms, the library and reading-rooms, and other buildings requisite to the completion of such an establishment, cannot but impress the observer with the conviction that here, at least, is cherished a solicitude to elevate and purify the mind, as well as, by the enormous and varied productions, to beautify and adorn the person. In carrying out these benevolent objects, Mr. Salt cannot have expended less than from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds.

Proceeding along the line, in a few miles further a town is reached of some antiquity and note. This is Bingley. Of it we say no more at present, than that, while in common with the rest

of the district in which it stands, it has of late undergone some changes, yet it retains sufficient of its ancient look to enable a visiter to form an idea of what must have been its appearance in the days of yore. Here Mr. Green's parents resided, and here, in the year 1788, he first saw the light, and breathed the vital air.



CHAPTER III.

The Child under the parental Roof.

“OUR portion is not large, indeed ;
But then how little do we need,
For nature’s calls are few !
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.”

COTTON.

AT the period of young Green’s birth, the fabrics peculiar to the district, and now so well known by the name of “Bradford goods,” had already begun to make their way in the world ; and so great and pressing was the demand for them, that, with the imperfect methods of production then in vogue, all available labour had to be pressed into service to create the required supply. The wheel and other apparatus necessary for worsted-spinning were introduced into almost every household, and the cotter’s hearth would not have been

deemed sufficiently furnished if these useful and profitable appendages had been wanting. In the home of the Greens these were duly installed, and there they were well and regularly plied. The parents, who were of the humbler class, had to depend solely upon the earnings of their toil, and these were neither so good nor ample as to enable them to bring up their offspring without subjecting them to work. As their family increased, their means of subsistence became less adequate to the charge upon them; and each child, as soon as he became capable, was obliged to yield his quota to the common stock. At the early age of between four and five years, James was accordingly instructed in the mysteries of the domestic wheel, and taught to do his part. Nor was the task allotted him a light and easy one for a child of such tender age. From the first, by dint of manual effort, he had to produce at least four hanks of worsted every day; and as each revolving year came round, to this he was required to add one hank more.

To us who live in other times, when the employ-

ment of children and young persons in the manufacturing districts has been limited and regulated by special legislative enactments; when genius, triumphing over nature, has laid its various elements under contribution to supply the motive power before deduced from human sinews; and when machinery, nicely executed, and beautifully finished, has superseded the rude and primitive implements formerly in use, and reduced so greatly the labour of the hand; it may seem strange and hard that such infantile powers should be thus heavily taxed. Happily for our days, the occasion for such a thing has passed away. The facilities in production, accompanied, as they have been, by diminished fag and increased wages, have placed the operative in such a position as to enable him, if he pleases, to provide for himself and family without compelling his children, from their tenderest years, to drudge for their daily bread. Still, we are precluded from boasting of the system now in operation, as if it were perfection itself. The congregating of large masses of human beings of both

sexes in mills, and the detention of them there for many successive hours in rooms whose atmosphere has been greatly overheated, both by their own presence and by artificial means, cannot be regarded as favourable to a high state of morals, or friendly to a healthful and vigorous physical development. These evils, to some extent incident to the system, must not be altogether overlooked. To their existence many of the leading firms of the country are now fully awake; and, by the improvement of their business-premises, the establishment of schools, and their liberal support of other institutions calculated to ameliorate and improve the condition of the working-classes, are exerting themselves, if not absolutely to cure these defects, yet at least to mitigate and counteract their deteriorating influence. Such efforts are noble and praiseworthy: those who make them show that they feel their individual responsibility, and are not, what some would represent them to be, mere money-lovers, dragged at Mammon's wheel. From the spirit at work

in them we augur a brighter future,—as much better than the present as this is than the past.

But it was not in spinning worsted only that James in his boyhood found occupation. In those days there existed, in the vicinity of many of the rural towns, large tracts of unenclosed or common lands, over the herbage of which the inhabitants generally had certain vested rights. Such was the case at Bingley, where, to a large extent, the working-classes availed themselves of their privilege. By great economy James's father had managed to possess himself of a few sheep, which were pastured on the neighbouring uplands. In due time, these were committed to James's care, who, in addition to his work at the wheel, had now to perform a shepherd's part. It was his duty to see that his little flock was fed by day and folded by night; and faithfully did he attend to his charge. By the morning dawn or evening twilight he might be seen wending his way to, or retracing his steps from, those privileged grounds, driving before him these objects

of his trust, and thus, as far as lay in his power, providing for their recurring wants. To meet these varied engagements, he found it necessary carefully to husband every moment of his time; and, by this means, he not only subserved the interests of the domestic circle, but also acquired those habits of industry which distinguished him in after-life. In the mean time, however, his education was totally neglected, nor does it appear that any attention was bestowed on his religious culture. Still, notwithstanding these disadvantages, the cot by whose roof he was sheltered, however humble and uninteresting it might appear to the more affluent, was to him of all others the most attractive, and he could have uttered,—

“Sweet is the smile of home, the mutual look,
When hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure.”



CHAPTER IV.

The Youth struggling for a Livelihood.

“ PARENT of good, thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings down distils,
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.
All things in thee live, move, and are ;
Thy power infused doth all sustain ;
Even those thy daily favours share,
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.
Thy sun thou bidd’st his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour ;
To all, who hate or bless thy sway,
Thou bidd’st descend the fruitful shower.”

WESLEY.

THE design of a beneficent Providence is, undoubtedly, that all God’s creatures should be happy ; and that, as far as an ample supply of the necessities and comforts of life can promote this

object, they should be furnished with them. This is especially the case in relation to man, towards whom a love most signal and unparalleled has been manifested. That man should be able, if in no other way, by the sweat of his brow, to secure adequate support for himself and dependents,—is unquestionably the purpose of Him “who crowneth the year with his goodness.” But various circumstances, arising from our lapsed condition, interfere with this natural order of things; and frequently issue in untold sufferings to those who are not only no parties to, but are placed at the utmost possible distance from, the causes which occasion this misery. It is a generally received axiom, that “righteousness exalteth a nation.” Take the converse of this; and you have the key to a large amount of the physical and other sufferings through which the family of man has to pass. Retribution occasionally overtakes a nation or a city, a family or an individual, in the present state; but while the scourge is being applied to the guilty, the innocent are, in some cases, involved

in the infliction. Among other agencies which are employed by the providence of God, to chastise or punish mankind for their ungodliness, are famine and war; the latter being frequently the precursor of the former. War, in all its forms, is an unmitigated curse to that people which unhappily becomes entangled in its meshes. It may sometimes be a necessary evil; but at all times it is to be deprecated, and when it can on any honourable terms be warded off, should always be avoided. In addition to its immediate horrors, it will be found invariably to lower the tone of morals; to enhance the value of the necessities of life; and to abridge the comforts of the masses. Seldom is it that the object for which it was commenced is attained; and never does it happen but, that, in addition to the large amount of taxation, levied by a pressure almost insupportable, for its immediate prosecution, a heavy burden of debt is left to be grappled with in future years.

The prosperity, which prevailed at the time of James's birth, was but of short duration. The

impolitic and sanguinary war in which Great Britain then became involved, seriously affected the social condition of the operative and labouring classes of the country. Bread, on which the poor so much depend for subsistence, was scarce, and only attained at a price which placed it almost beyond their reach; for, in proportion as its value was increased, their means of procuring it were diminished. The usual channels of commerce were so seriously interrupted, and the spirit of enterprise so greatly depressed, that those who had to depend on the labour of their hands were either without employ, or else very inadequately remunerated for their toil. In these circumstances, it was no wonder that thousands of families were oppressed with difficulties, and had, for a protracted period, to drag out a miserable existence. The family of the Greens did not escape, but, in common with others occupying a similar position in life, had to endure their troubles, which the demon of war, when permitted to reign, necessarily and invariably evokes.

This subject is one worthy the serious consideration of every lover of his species, and especially of all who profess to be followers of Him who came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. It is lamentable, however, that the phrase, "The way to preserve peace is always to be ready for war," has become almost proverbial. Whether that can be sustained in the general which would be repudiated in the individual, the writer must leave others to determine; at the same time he cannot but think, that, to be always in a position and attitude for fight, is more likely to issue in a breach of the peace than in its preservation. Of this he feels satisfied, that that nation which persists in supporting a large standing army on a war-footing, must, sooner or later, find itself in a state of irrecoverable insolvency. How the Volunteer scheme recently adopted in this country may affect its morality or promote its peace, the future only can determine; but, if the experience of the past is any guide to the future, we should rejoice with trembling. It is one thing

to evoke the martial spirit, and another to allay it. While, however, we may look at this movement with some degree of apprehension, as tending to promote the war-cry, with all those evils which follow in its train, it is impossible not to admire and commend the patriotism and disinterestedness of the many thousands who have nobly come forward, to demonstrate their readiness, if necessary, to fight in defence of their Queen and country; and, should their enrolment lead to a diminution of the number of regular troops, we are prepared to admit that some lasting good will be effected. It is also right that we should state, that, in some important particulars, the existing Volunteer system favourably contrasts with that which obtained at the commencement of the present century. Then drill and exercise were practised to a large extent on the Lord's-day, and masses of men in provincial towns were frequently brought together, rendering it necessary for their being billeted at public-houses. This course too frequently issued in the formation of

habits of intemperance and Sabbath desecration ; but now, these glaring faults are partially provided against, and generally avoided.

The physical structure of young James, now rapidly developing itself, needed, instead of diminished, an increased amount of support. As already observed, in addition to his other labours, he had daily to repair to his task of tending his little flock on the moor ; and, while the bracing air of those higher altitudes gave keenness to his appetite, the limited resources of the domestic larder were such as to afford him only a very meagre repast ; so that, on these elevated and exposed slopes, he frequently suffered as much from the cravings of hunger, as from the relentless and piercing cold. The solicitude, however, with which, even in the most ungenial seasons, he continued to watch over the few sheep placed under his care, supplied him with highly important lessons of instruction : and served, in after-life, to illustrate, to his own mind at least, the still more tender concern with which He,—“ who feeds his flock like

a shepherd, gathers his lambs into his bosom, and gently leads those which are with young," watches over "the church which he purchased with his own blood."

When a little more advanced in years, it was deemed necessary that he should direct his attention to some other pursuit likely to insure for him a better and more competent livelihood. With painful emotion, and no small degree of reluctance, he, therefore, for the purpose of entering into the service of a family of some distinction in the neighbourhood, relinquished his pastoral engagements, and also ceased to revolve the domestic wheel. This, as may be supposed, opened to him an entirely new scene. The cottage was changed for the manor, and he now mixed with a totally different class of persons from those with whom he had previously associated. His position was one of comparative ease and comfort. Still, even here, as at home, there was an absence of the religious element ; and, generally, those around him were living without God, and strangers to a well-

grounded hope of a better inheritance. Worldly amusements filled up the moments of leisure which James and his fellow-servants could command; and, indeed, the whole bias of their minds indicated a deep-rooted estrangement from God. Even the intervals of duty on the Sabbath were too frequently spent in desecrating that day of sacred rest. Yet, in the main, Mr. Green so conducted himself, during the entire period of his residence here, as to secure the approval and confidence of his master. And, from that time, to the termination of his mortal career, he was held in high respect and esteem by the surviving branches of this family.



CHAPTER V

The Apprentice.

“ LABOUR is rest—from the sorrows that greet us ;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us ;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever intreat us ;
Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow ;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow ;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.”

MRS. FRANCES OSGOOD.

MR. GREEN had now attained his eighteenth year ; and, for some length of time, his position in society had been to himself a subject of serious consideration. He knew that, as a servant in a gentleman's family, while he remained single, he should enjoy many comforts ; but that, in the event of marriage, he must be subject to some

inconveniences. The question with him, therefore, was, whether he should take the chances of these, or seek a livelihood in some other way. After viewing the subject in its various aspects, he arrived at the conclusion, that he had better relinquish his present occupation, and endeavour to secure the knowledge of some trade or business. He communicated, without delay, his views to his father, who at once concurred in the decision. An interview was, therefore, sought, and negotiations opened, with a Mr. John Dean, of Bingley, joiner and cabinet-maker, with the view of placing James in his establishment. The terms upon which he could be received having been agreed on and arranged, he was bound an apprentice to Mr. Dean till he should attain the age of twenty-one years. Mr. Green's father, being entirely uneducated, was unable to attach his signature to the indenture, and it bears upon it his cross, as one of the covenanting parties. His incompetency to write, however, appears to have impressed his own mind with the importance of some measure of learning. Hence, in the instru-

ment, there is provision, though a very inadequate one, for placing his son in advance of himself, by securing for him some secular instruction. The clause is, "And the said John Dean shall and will allow the said apprentice to go to school a fortnight in every year of the said term." This was a wise provision; but, as far as related to the parties immediately concerned, it is more than probable it became a dead letter; for James who, at this time, could imperfectly inscribe his name on this document, subsequently appears to have lost all trace of having been the subject of any instruction. In this arrangement, however, there is involved a great principle. At this period, the question of limiting the hours of labour for young persons had not been seriously considered, either by the public or the legislature; nor had any decided steps been taken in relation to "early closing." The idea, therefore, was in advance of the times. If the present movement in these matters issue in the devotion of the hours, secured by the abridgment of labour, to elementary learning, the study

of the fine arts, or general literature and religion, a great boon will be conferred on society. But, it is to be feared, that, in too many instances, this will not be the immediate result. Still, the opportunity, to a reasonable extent, should be afforded, guarding the privilege with such fences as reason may suggest, or future experience point out. Even now, in the apprenticing of youth, we would recommend the insertion of a clause in the indenture, to the effect, that a certain portion of time, saved from manual labour or business pursuits, should be spent in educational exercises. Thus, while a knowledge of some trade or profession is in course of acquisition, they will form habits of thought and application such as will tend to prepare them for more eminent usefulness in future life. In the case of the subject of this memoir, however, the probability is, that the master of James altogether disregarded the object of this wise and prudent clause, and that he himself did not attach to it much importance. But, however some of the conditions, by which they were mutually

bound to each other, may have been observed, James so conducted himself as to give entire satisfaction to his employer, and a friendship was formed by this association which was not only cordial but lasting.

Bingley, like many of the neighbouring towns, had frequently been favoured with the ministry of the Rev. John Wesley, who, during his protracted life, had repeatedly occupied the pulpit of the parish church, and delivered within its walls some of his powerful and heart-stirring sermons. In addition to these occasional appeals to the consciences of the people, the town at this time had the advantage of resident Clergymen of evangelical principles, who faithfully administered the truth as it is in Jesus, and were constant and earnest in the exercise of their pastoral functions. It was also privileged with the efforts of simple-hearted but earnest and laborious Methodist Preachers, who failed not to bear a bold and faithful testimony for the truth. Still, in relation to spiritual religion, the place,

to a large extent, was pervaded with the grossest darkness. Vice, varied in its character, and different in its hue, was not only freely indulged in, but earnestly propagated and defended. In this darkness, and its necessary consequences, Mr. Green was deeply involved. Entirely ignorant of saving truth, he was totally indifferent to the things that made for his peace. The taste which he had acquired for rural sports, and especially for the chase, was at this time sedulously cultivated by him. Into these pursuits he threw an unusual degree of energy. While at Myrtle Grove, he had frequently accompanied his master to the field, by which this propensity had been greatly strengthened, so that, now, when other engagements precluded his devoting the weekdays to this favourite recreation, he did not hesitate habitually to misuse the sacred hours of the Sabbath in roaming about the woods and moors, in quest of the fox or hare. This, as will be seen in the sequel, was to him in future years a source of painful reflection and poignant

grief. As, however, the time of his apprenticeship drew towards its termination, whatever might be the indifference with which he regarded the realities of a future life, he found it necessary to be under some concern for those of the present. What to do with himself when he attained his freedom, became a question for serious inquiry and consideration. Had a suitable opening presented itself in his native town, he would have most gladly availed himself of it: but, as none occurred, he was driven to the conclusion that he must leave Bingley, and seek employment elsewhere, as a means of support. To this course he was shortly after necessitated to yield.



CHAPTER VI.

The Workman.

“HOPE ! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.”

THE facilities for travelling at that period, in comparison with those of the present, were small indeed. Access to neighbouring towns was difficult, and intercourse between them of rare occurrence. For persons in rural districts to quit their natal roof, even for a few miles, was regarded as an enterprising feat. The clannish feeling was then far from being extinguished; and the attachment of persons to the haunts of their youth

and the mates of their boyhood, was with difficulty broken off. Hence the operatives and labourers would prefer employment within the limits of their early range, though it might be attended with pecuniary loss, to quitting the place and neighbourhood of their boyhood. It was not, therefore, without a struggle, that Mr. Green brought his mind to the point of a severance from his favourite Bingley. True, his first removal was but a short distance, as, on leaving Bingley, he secured employment at Morton, a village within two miles of that place. Here he was located for some months; and, had the person under whom he placed himself been of a more generous disposition, and understood better the relative position of master and man, the probability is, that he would have remained here much longer than he did, and would have made either it, or Bingley, the place of his permanent abode. He soon felt, however, that he and his employer were not of kindred spirit; and though his circumstances compelled him to continue for a

time, he at length gave notice of his intention, at a specified period, to terminate his engagement and quit his service. At the expiration of the notice, he left; but his master took advantage of his circumstances, and refused to pay him the balance of his account, assigning, as his reason, that the notice was insufficient. Mr. Green, under this emergency, thought at first of taking proceedings for the recovery of the amount due to him; and, with this in view, applied to a gentleman of the legal profession, with whom he was acquainted, to act in his behalf. His friend, however, on being consulted, kindly gave him a little wholesome advice. He informed him, that, if he proceeded at law, he would certainly recover what he alleged to be due; but added, to enforce the payment would, perhaps, cost him more than the amount in question, and that he had better quietly submit to the loss. Mr. Green, straitened as were his circumstances, acted on the suggestion, and refrained from further proceedings in the case. Nor did he ever regret the course he took.

Indeed, he was accustomed to observe, that the counsel of this professional gentleman had a cautionary influence upon him through the whole of his future life.

In estimating the character of persons who entered upon the battle of life the greater part of a century ago, and especially those in the humble ranks of society, we must take into consideration the comparative absence of facilities for mental, moral, and religious culture, and, as a necessary consequence, the existence of much that was calculated to degrade and brutalize the mind, vitiate the taste, and lead to a course of profligacy and irreligion. Such were the circumstances in which Mr. Green was placed up to this period of his life. His home had been godless and prayerless. To the checks of moral and religious restraint he had been an entire stranger. No wonder, then, that, as was the seed of his early childhood, such should have been the bloom and fruit of his early manhood. As regards his parents, however, it is satisfactory

to know, that, at a subsequent period in their history, they were thoroughly converted to God, and that this delightful change was mainly to be attributed to the earnest prayers and faithful endeavours of their son James. Each of them became members of the Christian church, and, after having witnessed a good confession for some years, at length died in the enjoyment of a cheerful hope of a glorious immortality. Peace be to their memory !

“ Still seems it strange that thou should'st live for ever ?
Is it less strange that thou should'st live at all ?
This is a miracle ; and that no more.”



CHAPTER VII.

The Traveller in quest of Employment.

“ How great the mystery ! Let others sing
The circling year, the promise of the spring,
The summer’s glory, and the rich repose
Of autumn, and the winter’s silvery snows.
Man through the changing scenes let us pursue,
Himself how wondrous in his changes too ?
Not man, the sullen savage in his den ;
But man call’d forth in fellowship with men ;
School’d and train’d up to wisdom from his birth ;
God’s noblest work—his image upon earth.”

ROGERS.

MR. GREEN had now attained his manhood. His physical structure was fully developed ; and his presence disclosed a man of considerable muscular power. However much the intellectual in him had been neglected, nature

had obviously dealt with a liberal hand in forming the material. He stood about five feet nine inches high; was rather broad across the shoulders; had a chest full and capacious; and, though somewhat short in the neck, his whole frame may be said to have been well packed. His face was rather round and full, his complexion ruddy, his eye dark and piercing, yet genial; while his general aspect bespoke a disposition of friendliness and companionship. In short, he was a fair specimen of the Yorkshire character; and especially of the men of the West Riding. The present juncture, however, was to him an important period in his history. His future destinies depended on the choice he now made. Hitherto he had been without hope in the world. The spirit of earnest prayer had never been fostered in his breast. The accent of sincere praise had never escaped from his lips. The Christian Sabbath had been spent in idle amusement, foolish diversions, or in a course entirely subversive of the bene-

ficent design of its Divine originator. But, although a stranger both to moral and mental culture, he was not altogether a stranger to the checks and gracious strivings of the Divine Spirit. Frequently he felt himself the subject of views and emotions for which he could not account. At these times, his sins would pass before him in dreadful array, and would become to him a source of the most painful anxiety and alarm; indeed, so sensitive, on some occasions, was he, that the howling of the blast, or the rustling of the leaves, would produce a thrill through his whole system; and so excite his fears, as to lead him, almost involuntarily, to spring forward as though he were in the grasp of some invisible foe; or suddenly to turn round to see whether it was not Satan, *in propria personá*, who was about to lay hold of him, and drag him away to *his own place*.

At this period Mr. Green appears to have had no definite course traced out for his future proceedings, and, being possessed of an unsuspecting and generous nature, was open to any surrounding

influence which might be brought to bear upon him, and ready to become the prey of any unprincipled person or unfavourable circumstance. Much, therefore, now depended on the society into which he might be thrown, and the character of the connexions he might form. His residence at Morton having ended, though ill equipped for the encounter, he determined to throw himself upon the stream, in the hope that it might carry him into some fair haven. Having visited his friends at Bingley and its neighbourhood, and informed them of his contemplated departure, he once more launched his bark; not knowing whether he should be tossed about by the pitiless blast and the raging surge, and stranded on a sunken and unknown rock; or whether he should be caught by a propitious breeze, and wafted into some sheltered port. Still he confidently anticipated the latter; not, indeed, from those feelings which at a later period of his earthly career would have prompted him to exclaim,—

“When adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs ;
When life her throng of care reveals,
And weakness o’er my spirit steals ;
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That ‘as my day my strength shall be ;’”

but from that vague yet buoyant hopefulness which is almost natural to the ardency of youth.

It was one of those portentous mornings when everything around presents a sombre and mournful aspect, and when it is difficult to determine whether it will issue in rain or the bright shining of the sun, that James bade adieu to relatives and others endeared to him by long associations, and started he knew not where. Hitherto his heart had beaten high with expectation ; and the exercises usually incident to such an event had so engrossed his attention, that he was incapable of thoroughly realizing the ordeal through which he was about to pass. At that period, when the aspect of society was not so given to change, persons in the humblest walks of life fostered towards those with whom they

had spent their early youth affections of the warmest and most undying character; so that, if one of them suffered the pressure of affliction, bereavement, or want, the others were prepared, with a promptitude which did the highest credit to their hearts, to express a practical sympathy with them in their distress. In these circumstances, young Green could not, for the lack of suitable employment, snap asunder those bonds by which he had been so long united to his fellow-townsmen, without exciting, in some of their breasts, emotions of a mixed character. Feelings of the most earnest hope were cherished that his departure might conduce to his own advantage; but of deep regret that by dire necessity he was impelled to such a course. These mixed emotions were unmistakably indicated by the warmest ejaculations for success in his enterprise; and by the spontaneous overflow of those tears which could be no longer pent up in their ordinary reservoir. For, as the poet beautifully observes,—

“ When friendship or love our sympathies move,
When truth in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile, with a dimple or smile ;
But the test of affection 's a tear.”

James, however, who had determined to play the part of the man, put on a cheerful courage: subduing as well as he could his excited feelings, he took leave of his friends, giving to one and another the usual shake of the hand, and other expressions of good-will; then, without further delay, bounded off, apparently blithe as a roe.

There were no railways at that time on which to glide with the swiftness of the wind; nor had Mr. Green the means to enable him to take advantage of the tardy mode of transit which the road then afforded. The trifling sum he had at his disposal, however well husbanded, could not by possibility last long; and he knew not when his coffers would be replenished. The limited state of his finances had prevented a redundant accumulation of his wardrobe. This was unusu-

ally scanty ; but even this was not without its advantage : it required little time for its adjustment, and not much labour for its transport ; and, in his circumstances, it was not likely its weight would be increased on the road. As a pedestrian, therefore, the lightness of his burden was no discomfort, as it enabled him to move with greater elasticity and speed.

Bingley being situated at the foot of a considerable slope, backed by the moors and hills which separate the county of Lancaster from that of York, and the former being the part to which he had determined to direct his steps, he did not, for some time, lose sight of what, in his estimation, was the loveliest spot in the world. As he wended his way along the rustic lanes, every object on which his eye lit seemed to be invested with new beauty. The contest which for some time had been going on between the solar rays and the somewhat condensed vapour in the valley, at length closed. The sun obtained a splendid victory ; and throwing, with its wonted

profusion, its glorious and reviving beams on the objects around, caused the contrast between light and shade to be more marked, and the general scene to appear more than usually rich and varied. This, however, instead of elating, tended only to sadden, the mind of James; and, as he passed one object after another, he could not help feeling, that, though he then saw their beautiful and attractive forms, whether he would be permitted again to gaze on their loveliness, was a question which the future only could determine. In his advance towards the summit, he turned round repeatedly to catch a glance of the rich vale below: each time indulging in reminiscences, which served only to swell more largely the heart which was now ready to burst with emotion; till at length he was so overpowered as to be driven to seek relief by a copious effusion of long-restrained tears. For,

“The tears that freely flow
Ease the agonizing heart.”

After this, however, having once more, and for the last time, cast another lingering gaze on the home of his birth, he nerved himself to his task, and, bidding adieu to the place of his long-cherished affections, pushed on his way with energy and zeal. The journey, however, was neither so propitious nor agreeable as his sanguine nature had led him to anticipate. Mr. Green spent many hours each day in perambulating the country, without meeting with success; and as the passing day closed upon him, his resources were gradually diminished, till at length his little store was entirely exhausted, and he found himself cast upon the wide world penniless, and apparently without a friend to whom he could apply for shelter or support.

Having, therefore, peregrinated through a considerable portion of the villages and towns of South Lancashire, without meeting with either the sympathy or occupation to which he thought himself properly entitled, Mr. Green, just as the hare, the frequent and fond object of his

eager pursuit, when hard pressed, puts forth her utmost energies to recover her usual seat, began seriously to entertain the thought of retracing his steps. The protracted and exhausting war, to which reference has been made, and in which this country had, for so long a period, been involved, had, to a large extent, dried up the resources of the nation, and, as a consequence, labour was scarce, and the means of subsistence scanty. Both time and toil had been spent in fruitless efforts to obtain a suitable situation ; but the prospect, from various circumstances, had darkened rather than become relieved. This induced him to determine to direct his course once more towards the West Riding ; and this decision was not more definitively formed, than it was promptly carried out.

His course now lay *over* Blackstone Edge ; for the idea of tunnelling through these heights had not yet been conceived. The district was as uninviting, at that period, as it was toilsome for either man or beast to pass over ; and it was

after a most protracted and fatiguing journey, that he entered the town of Bradford, carrying about his person all that he had in the world. The sun had set beneath the western horizon when he dragged his wearied limbs within its borders. The flickering lamps, few and far between, threw off just sufficient light to render darkness visible; and which way to turn, this or that, was to him a matter of perplexing anxiety. Having hesitated a while, he finally decided, and, by the good providence of God, found a place in which to rest his worn-out and exhausted frame.

“Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close:
Something attempted, something done,
Has earn'd a night's repose.”

Scarcely, however, had the sun gilded the eastern skies before he sallied forth in search of employment, and it was not long before he

obtained it. His first engagement was at an inn, and by no means favourable to a change either of heart or life; but, in his circumstances, he was glad to accept of anything which offered to him a moderately comfortable subsistence. Here, a part only of his time was devoted to his own trade; the other, on market-days and public occasions, being assigned to the general interests of the establishment in the stable, or other places where his services might be required. This situation seems to have been altogether uncongenial to his mind; and an opening in the business to which he had been trained presenting itself, he gratefully accepted it, and with renewed industry prosecuted his own occupation. While employed during the week, he now appears to have been tolerably comfortable; but when the Sabbath came, a day the greater part of which he had almost uniformly desecrated, he was at a loss how to while away what to him was the tedium of its hours. He was cut off from his former

companions in sin, and not meeting with new associates of a like character, what was to many around a day of sacred rest, and of spiritual enjoyment, to him proved dull and monotonous. To the Christian sanctuary he was an entire stranger; having no sympathy with its service, nor any desire for the benefit of its ordinances. He was, indeed, literally without God in the world. For hitherto his course had been that in which

“The mind of mortals, in perverseness strong,
Imbibes with dire docility the wrong.”



CHAPTER VIII.

The Sunday-School Teacher.

“ THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.”

AFTER the lapse of some weeks, during which Mr. Green seems to have been painfully conscious of his moral destitution and indigence, and panted after rest for his disquieted spirit ; an ever-watchful Providence threw him into connexion with a young man of some moral worth, who, though not converted to God, was, nevertheless, the subject of deep religious

impressions. Between this young man and himself there appears to have been a general community of feeling, and he sought for frequent intercourse with him; which at length ripened into a cordial and permanent friendship. The Sabbath was the day on which they had the most favourable opportunity for meeting, interchanging thought, and enjoying each other's society. It is obvious, however, that He, whose province it is to "convince men of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come," was graciously operating upon each of their minds; for they were both dissatisfied with their present mode of life, and especially with the manner in which they spent the Sabbath. They felt uneasy, though for these emotions they could not then account, at letting the sacred hours of that day pass without being engaged in some religious exercise. They began, therefore, to indulge the wish to attend some place of public worship; and the only question they had now to determine was, what place that should be.

Methodism had, even at this period, a considerable hold on the confidence and affections of the people of Bradford. Among them it had appeared in the character so emphatically ascribed to it by Dr. Chalmers,—“Christianity in earnest.” Here one of its early promulgators (the intrepid Nelson) had both suffered and triumphed; here a goodly number had been gathered into Christian fellowship; and here a place of worship had been erected, alike creditable to the town in which it was situated, and the Society to which it belonged. This place had attracted the attention of these two unsettled young men, and excited in them a desire to become more perfectly acquainted with it. To the worship conducted in this chapel, therefore, James and his friend began stealthily to go; and they also mutually agreed to attend the Sunday-school which had been formed in connexion therewith. This resolution was promptly carried out; and, on the following Sabbath, they found themselves within the precincts of this establishment.

This was certainly done in great simplicity. They had failed fully to count the cost, and they felt they were about to reap the reward of their folly. Mr. Green, especially, found himself at once involved in a difficulty. To determine the relation in which he should stand to the institution, was a problem by no means of easy solution. He felt himself too old to become a scholar, and not sufficiently instructed to take the place of a Teacher; for at that time he was scarcely equal to more than giving to each letter in the alphabet its correct designation. Had it occurred to the conductor to test his abilities for the office of Teacher, upon all the grounds of fitness, religious, literary, or otherwise, he would have, of necessity, pronounced him incompetent. But at that early period of the Sunday-school organization, persons who had reached maturity, and were willing to devote their time to the work, were gratefully received by those already engaged in this enterprise, and welcomed as fellow-labourers. James had, therefore, a class assigned to him;

and although no one could have been more deeply impressed with his own utter unfitness for the task than was he himself, yet, ashamed to acknowledge it, he, with no small degree of perturbation and obvious confusion, took his post. To himself, however, it was a great relief, and he regarded it ever after as a providential overruling, that he was put in charge of, to use his own language, "the A B C class." For, uninstructed as he was himself, those placed under his care were still more uninstructed; so that, by skilful management, he was enabled to prevent, in some measure, the exposure of his incompetency to the office he sustained. In prosecuting his work, he found it convenient, when a scholar was at fault, and he doubted his own ability to set him right, to pass the difficulty from one to another, till he reached a pupil who settled the point, thus making them mutual instructors of each other. This state of things aroused his energies, and led him at once to form the determination to be in

advance of those placed under his care. For the attainment of this object, he set to work in good earnest to learn to read with fluency ; and his diligence and industry enabled him soon to master the art. This was to him of twofold advantage. It tended to qualify him to instruct his class more perfectly, and led him to a familiar acquaintance with God's book, which now constituted his principal study. At the celebration of the jubilee of this school, in the year 1858, a Bible was presented by the Committee to each scholar and Teacher in commemoration of the event. To Mr. Green it was a source of high gratification to be permitted to stand by the side of some of his early coadjutors in this work of faith, and have placed in his hands such a memento of his former connexion with the important institution. Mr. Green's position in the Sunday-school, at that early period of his life, brought him under influences, and led to his forming associations, which to him were entirely novel. These associations

and influences, however, were of the most salutary character. He now, for the first time in his life, began to breathe the atmosphere of prayer and praise; and the latent impressions, of which he had been at intervals the subject, began to revive.

The quarterly lovefeasts of the Society, at this period, were regarded as high days; and for any member to have absented himself, who had the opportunity to attend, would have been considered a great dereliction of duty. On these occasions, the children of the Sabbath-school were dismissed a short time before the hour at which the lovefeast commenced; and the Teachers, who were for the most part members of Society, adjourned to the chapel to blend with their brethren in their hallowed exercises. James, being one of the Teachers, presented himself at the chapel-door for admission; but none were allowed to enter who could not present the Society ticket,—the token of his membership,—or a note of admission signed by the Minister

presiding, or one of his colleagues. However relaxedly that part of our discipline may be observed now, then the officers of the church, in this respect, were generally faithful to their trust. James was, therefore, at once challenged, and a sight of his ticket promptly demanded; but, alas! he formed no part of Christ's mystical body. But James was not to be easily balked; he, therefore, pleaded the relation in which he stood to the church as a Teacher in the Sunday-school. This, however, with the unyielding officer at the door, would not avail. He must either produce his ticket or a note; or, having neither, be shut out. The Minister had now left the vestry, where it was usual for him to receive and converse with those who were desirous of obtaining notes, and had ascended the pulpit; so that it was impracticable for James to obtain the required passport to the meeting, and he was therefore obliged, though reluctantly, to retire.

About this time Mr. Green entered into the

marriage state with a young woman who, although not converted to God, was respectable in her position, industrious in her habits, and, generally, gave the promise of being to her husband a help-mate indeed. The high estimate which he had formed of this young person's character was, in future years, fully sustained. It was, in no small degree, owing to her economical habits and judicious administration of domestic affairs, that they were raised to that state of competency which they subsequently attained. After the lapse of some time, she, like her husband, "thought on her ways," and turned her feet into God's testimonies. She embraced the truth as it is in Jesus, realized the renewing power of Divine grace, and thenceforward prosecuted a course worthy her high and holy calling. Having brought up a large family of children, and usefully sustained her position in society, she at length sickened and peacefully passed away to the better land. Her remains were interred in the family grave in front of Eastbrook chapel.

Here may they rest, till the morning of the resurrection !

“ Years following years steal something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away.”

This bereavement was to Mr. Green an irreparable loss. Her companionship had ever been to him a source and occasion of joy and comfort, and without her he felt a solitude the sense of which no other earthly presence could fully remove. He, however, consoled himself with the thought that, if absent from himself, she was present with the Lord, and that eventually he would be permitted to rejoin her in that region where partings and separations will be for ever unknown.



CHAPTER IX.

The Religious Convert.

“THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the Spirit give by which I pray :
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
Which of its native self can nothing feed :
Of good and pious thought Thou art the seed,
Which quickens only where Thou sayst it may,
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,
No man can find it : Father ! Thou must lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread ;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly.”

WORDSWORTH.

THE coldness with which Mr. Green had been
treated, and the repulse to which he had

been subjected, in his effort to gain admittance to the lovefeast, would have depressed the energies of most persons, and induced them at once to abandon the enterprise in which they were engaged. Not so did it happen in Mr. Green's case. When he espoused a cause, and flung himself into its interests, he was not easily discouraged by difficulties, or diverted by other objects of attraction. He, therefore, with his wonted fixedness of purpose, continued to prosecute his course in connexion with the Sunday-school; and, on the very next occasion which offered, made application for a note of admission to the quarterly lovefeast. Yet, even then, he did not find that a note was to be procured with all the facility on which he had calculated, any more than admission was to be obtained without such credentials. The object in requiring these notes is not merely, or even mainly, to prevent access to these means of grace by improper persons, but to give the Minister the opportunity of ascertaining some-

thing of the religious profession and feelings of the applicants; and of pressing upon them the importance of decision on matters of piety. On Mr. Green's presenting himself to the Minister, who sat in the vestry of the chapel issuing these notes, he was at once subjected to a few searching inquiries. "Do you meet in class?" was the first question proposed to him, to which James answered in the negative. The next question was equally short and pointed. "Do you intend to do so?" said the Minister. To this he characteristically replied, "I cannot say." "Then think over the matter," replied the Minister. He sat himself down, and for a few moments thought the matter over seriously. These reflections issued in a determination to address himself immediately to the subject of religion; and, as a means calculated to lead to that end, he resolved to unite himself to the church by joining one of the classes of the Society. He communicated his decision to the Minister, received a note of admission to the lovefeast, and, in

after-life, was accustomed to declare that was the best day's work he ever did.

His closer attention upon the public ordinances of religion, and the earnest and heart-searching sermons under which he now regularly sat, together with the influences of the Holy Spirit upon his mind, tended to deepen his conviction of personal guilt, and to increase his fears of the danger to which he felt himself exposed. To use his own language in relation thereto, "The arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in his soul; and, for a lengthened period, he felt he was not only without God, but without hope." Not a single ray penetrated the dark gloom in which he was enshrouded. If relief was to be had, that seemed to be at the utmost possible distance from him. He could exclaim, with no ordinary emphasis, "A wounded spirit, who can bear?" This disquietude and anguish of soul so increased, that, at the following quarterly visitation of the classes for the renewal of the Society tickets, he could not refrain from

imploring the members on each side of him to ask the Minister to pray for him. These, however, respectively and rather curtly, bid him ask for himself. Mr. Green was suffering too much to be repulsed even by this heartless indifference. He, therefore, arose from his seat, and at once made the appeal for himself. Instead of sympathizing with him in his distress, and affording to him immediate relief, by soliciting the members to unite in earnest prayer for one whom "Satan had bound for many years," the Minister, failing, perhaps, fully to appreciate the agony of mind he was then enduring, told him to sit down; adding, that, when he had finished the class, he might probably comply with his request. This was chilling enough to one who was

"Burden'd with a world of grief,
Burden'd with a sinful load,
Burden'd with his unbelief,
Burden'd with the wrath of God ;"

and rendered James, in these circumstances,

specially open to an assault from the common adversary. A reply so unexpected and withering did, indeed, give Satan the advantage. The poor, heart-broken penitent was almost overwhelmed with emotion; feeling, as he said, "that no man cared for his soul," and that "God would take no notice of him;"—in short, "that he was forsaken both by God and man." His past career of Sabbath desecration, profanity, and general irreligion stared him in the face; and he could not avoid the conclusion, that his course had been such as to preclude the possibility of God's mercy being extended to him. Before the close of the meeting, however, prayer was offered up for him; but the exercises of mind through which he had passed, during the interval, had induced other feelings, and his heart, he said, had become as hard as a mill-stone. He left the place, therefore, in a state of unutterable perplexity and distress.

To a man more wavering than Mr. Green, this might have proved fatal; but to him it

became a stimulant to greater effort. For, overwhelmed as he was with grief and anguish of mind, he still continued diligently to attend the services of the sanctuary; and while under the ministration of God's truth, the sigh of deep distress, and the groan of approaching despair, would frequently escape, to the inconvenience and annoyance of some of those around him. Indeed, one person, who sat near him, got so excited by those expressions of mental woe as to be induced to instruct the chapel-keeper to inform him, that, unless he discontinued those *moanings* and *groanings*, he should be compelled to leave the chapel. Mr. Green's reply, however, to this message, was, "If his soul were in my soul's stead, he would groan too."

Some time previously to this, he had commenced business, which he was now prosecuting with some degree of success. In his employ, he had two men who were consistent members of the Methodist Society, and living in the enjoyment of experimental religion. While these

devoted Christians were diligently labouring to secure the necessities and comforts of life, they were frequently singing the praises of Jehovah. But their *joy* only increased his *sorrow*. The pressure of guilt on his conscience, instead of being alleviated, was rather augmented; the sufferings through which he passed, instead of being assuaged, were aggravated. In this state he continued for some time. His mind at length, however, was, to some extent, diverted from his own moral and spiritual destitution to the contemplation of Christ crucified. Indeed, the thought of his own guilt and of Christ's death so completely absorbed his attention, that he affirmed, that, one day, on passing up the Church-Bank, a leading street in Bradford, he saw, as distinctly as one man ever saw another, the bleeding Saviour casting upon him what the poet calls, "the kind upbraiding glance." This vision tended to increase his anxiety, and to quicken his diligence; and, shortly after, while earnestly engaged in

prayer in the old vestry of Kirkgate chapel, he was enabled to believe with his heart unto righteousness; and felt that the Father of mercies,—the God of all grace,—spoke peace to his troubled conscience. This he realized to be a “peace which passeth all understanding.” The Holy Ghost attested to his heart that he was a “child of God;” and he gave utterance to his emotions in the beautiful lines of Charles Wesley,—

“My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow’d thee.”

“No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine.”

Voices of happiness now seemed to address him from every quarter; and he felt as if amidst a magnificent chorus of hopes and joys. In allusion to this important event, he used often to say, that he could not only refer to the time when, but to the very spot where, God pardoned his sins; and, indeed, that place was regarded

by him ever after with an almost superstitious reverence.

“How lovely is the memory, when clear sunshine
Darkness and mist dispelleth !
How radiant is the spirit, when joy enters
Where grief and sadness dwelleth !
Thou weepest now, lone pilgrim ; but each tear-drop
Will be exhaled to-morrow :
And songs of peace shall charm from thy remembrance
The symphony of sorrow.”

Immediately on securing this one thing needful,—this pearl of great price,—the seed of Divine grace thus planted in his soul began to bear the beautiful and fragrant fruits of righteousness. Among other indications of a thorough change of heart and life was the establishment of domestic worship, a practice not very common in those days. The reading of the sacred Scriptures and family prayer, morning and evening, were then commenced, and uniformly continued, till he was laid aside by the affliction which terminated in his removal from the scenes of earth to

the joys of heaven. From this period his life was a "life of faith on the Son of God, who had loved him and given Himself for him." And while his uniform testimony was, that

"Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;"

he ceaselessly breathed the prayer,

"May I its chief importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.
O may I never faint or tire,
Or wandering leave her sacred ways ;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me grace to live thy praise."



CHAPTER X.

The successful and conscientious Man of Business.

“Shrink not from life’s bitter cup,
God shall bear thy spirit up :
He shall lead thee safely on,
Till the ark of rest is won,
Till thy spirit is set free,
As thy day thy strength shall be.”

IN person, as before intimated, Mr. Green’s general aspect was such as to command attention. No one could scan, with any degree of closeness, the outline of his physical structure, without arriving at the conclusion that he was a man superior to the generality of his fellows. For, not only were the proportions of his frame well and adequately adjusted, but his appearance betokened the possession of considerable

mental power. In his dark and flashing eyes, overhung as they were by rather prominent eyebrows, and, indeed, in his physiognomy generally, there were indications that, had the latent powers of his intellect been brought under early and systematic training, he would have risen to distinction and eminence. But he had reached maturity before he thoroughly appreciated the value of learning, and as at that period the facilities for the acquisition of knowledge, in the case of adults, were exceedingly meagre, and other pressing claims diverted his attention from educational pursuits, his mental faculties never acquired a full and complete development. Hence, although he was held by most who knew him in the highest esteem, yet he did not fully attain that status in society for which nature had evidently fitted him, and which, under other circumstances, none could have prevented him occupying.

Soon after his conversion to God his secular engagements were greatly multiplied, fresh enter-

prises pressing themselves upon his attention and pursuit. These were met by him with a promptitude and constancy, that soon established his reputation as a man of business; and, under the care of an indulgent Providence, he prosecuted his calling with a success which enabled him in his declining years to retire and live on the fruit of his toil. Amid the varied occupations of his time and energies, however, he endeavoured to walk closely with God, and in this endeavour he was not unsuccessful. He generally enjoyed a consciousness of the Divine approval; and under varied exercises was, for the most part, cheered by the prospect of the Divine glory. On one or two occasions, however, his faith in God's promises, and his patience under exceedingly irritating circumstances, were most severely tested, and subjected to temporary failure.

The vicinity of Bradford is richly supplied with sand-stone, some of which is of the finest quality. A large business is carried on in working quarries of this material, not only for the use of the imme-

diate neighbourhood, but for various parts of the United Kingdom, and also for exportation. But while it is furnished with stone that gives so magnificent an appearance to its warehouses and other buildings, it is destitute of lime, an essential to the construction of such buildings. This has to be brought chiefly from beyond Skipton in Craven; and, previously to the line of rail being laid, the means of transit was by the canal running between the two places. Amongst other branches of business in which Mr. Green was engaged, was that of a lime merchant. He had not only, therefore, barges in which to convey the raw material, but at the foot of the town a number of kilns, in which to prepare it for agricultural, building, and other purposes. As the kilns were on a higher level than the canal, the stone had to be conveyed from the barges to this elevation by horse and cart; and it was while this was being done, on one occasion, that he was the subject of one of these failures.

Mr. Green cherished very tender feelings for dumb animals, and was ready on all occasions to protect and defend them. At this time he had a beautiful horse, which he highly prized, and with which one of his servants was engaged in conveying stone from the barge to be burnt into lime. Mr. Green, standing at a short distance from the scene, observed the man, as he himself expressed it, back this favourite animal into the blazing kiln. His sympathy for the poor creature, and his indignation at the carelessness of the man, led him to express himself with considerable warmth of temper; and, under the excitement, to make use of an opprobrious term. No sooner had he yielded to his feelings, and, under temptation, thus unguardedly expressed himself, than his soul was enveloped in gloom, his conscious peace forfeited, and his mind so overwhelmed with shame, that he was obliged to leave, for the time, the business in which he was engaged, and hasten to his home. This was to him a sore trial; nor, till this fresh guilt which he

had contracted was removed, could he resume the duties of his calling. In this instance he was obviously "overtaken in a fault;"—pounced upon, or taken by surprise, by the common enemy. His case, however, was fully met by the assurance that, "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." He at once betook himself, therefore, to earnest prayer; and, after some hours of penitent confession, and sincere and devout supplication to heaven, he received a fresh token of his acceptance with God.

Another occasion on which his faith faltered was when, standing one morning at the door of his counting-house, the postman delivered to him, among other letters, the schedule of an insolvent customer, which was the eighth of that nature he had received within a few days. On opening the letter, according to his own account of the matter, "Satan whispered to him, 'The Lord is going to take from thee all that thou hast.'" Yielding to this suggestion, he replied,

"It seems he is." Immediately darkness the most intense completely covered his mind, and he became indescribably distressed from the thought, that he had cherished towards the Author of all his mercies feelings of the basest ingratitude. The very heavens seemed to gather blackness; and his spirits became so depressed, and his bodily strength so prostrated, that he felt as though he could not possibly sustain life. He made an effort, however, to leave the place: he closed the door of his works, and at once proceeded towards his residence. But his distress of mind was so intense, the pressure under which he laboured so crushing, and his physical inability to proceed so complete, that he felt he could not advance another step, and therefore sat down upon some timber which lay by the road-side. Here he began to reflect upon the past; and, while musing on his unhappy state, was led to ejaculate, "Lord, help me!"—when a voice seemed to say to him, "If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small." At

once he replied, "It is small, Lord;" and repeated the ejaculation, "Lord, help me!" Scarcely had he a second time given utterance to this, ere the snare of the tempter was broken, and deliverance came at once. Thus, his former peace of mind was restored, his physical strength recovered, and he immediately retraced his steps. With these exceptions, Mr. Green affirmed to the writer, in his last sickness, that, from the happy moment in which God spoke peace to his soul while on his knees in the vestry of Kirkgate chapel, he had not lost his consciousness of the Divine favour.

Mr. Green did not confine the religious element to the closet, the family, or even the church. It had an obvious and powerful influence on his conversation in the world. He was neither ashamed of his Lord nor his Lord's cause. On all occasions he was prepared to avow his attachment to both, and, when necessary, to give "a reason of the hope that was in him." Nor was he afraid to make pretensions which

his habit of life would not sustain. To the utmost of his power he made the golden rule the governing principle of action, studiously labouring to do unto others as, in like circumstances, he would that they should do unto him; and in these efforts he was in an eminent degree successful.

In all Mr. Green's transactions, whether of business or otherwise, there was a manifestation of such frankness and candour as invariably secured to him the confidence of those with whom he had to do. This confidence he viewed as an important trust, and on no occasion was known to abuse it. Had he been influenced by less pure and honourable principles than those by which he was actuated, and indeed which became so interwoven with as to constitute a part of his very nature,—had he pursued another course than that which he chalked out for himself, and which, through a long series of years, he so unswervingly maintained,—his secular interests might possibly have been more largely

promoted. But his motto was, *Bona conscientia Paradisus*. Whatever, therefore, interfered with this was at once repelled. He would forego any amount of gain rather than diverge from the holy commandment delivered unto him. His solicitude was to "stand in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way and walk therein," that he might let his "light so shine before men," as to lead them to "glorify his Father which is in heaven." In his case, "the path of the just was as a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Worldly policy would have dictated to him frequently a less cordial, frank, and generous course than that which he pursued; but his first business was to keep himself right with God, and in the issue he found this "the more excellent way." As previously noticed, he came over the moors of Blackston-Edge, and entered into Bradford, with nothing more than the staff in his hand; but he possessed indomitable energy and unfaltering endurance, and,

when once fairly started, by bringing to bear upon the objects before him industry, prudence, and other qualities, he, by the blessing of God, was not only enabled to rear a large family, and place them severally in positions of respectability, but to bequeath for distribution amongst them at his decease a sum sufficiently large to contribute to their comfort and usefulness through future life. When the miscellaneous character of his engagements is considered, and the various claims which pressed upon him are taken into the account, this fact alone shows that, while he was a man of God, he was a man of business, too, and in this respect worthy of imitation.



CHAPTER XI.

The Consistent Professor.

“Now see the man immortal : him, I mean,
Who lives as such : whose heart, full bent on heaven,
Leans all that way ! his bias to the stars,
The world’s dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
His lustre more ; though bright without a foil :
Observe his awful portrait and admire,
Nor stop at wonder,—imitate and love.”

THE rule of the Divine record is, that there can be no continuance in well-doing without a growth in grace. The scriptural maxim, that the diligent hand maketh rich, which does not invariably hold good as regards secular pursuits,—“for the race is not to the swift,”—never fails to be sustained when applied to those which are religious and spiritual. In the

evangelical economy, "rejoicing evermore" is made contingent on "praying without ceasing." That the privilege may be enjoyed, the duty must be discharged. With the correctness of the principle here laid down Mr. Green was fully impressed; and it must not be supposed, that his almost uninterrupted enjoyment of Divine peace, through a long series of years, was preserved without a regular and unfaltering use of the ordinances of religion. His attendance upon the appointed services of God's house was most exemplary. Seldom, indeed, was he absent from the sanctuary when its doors were open for public worship. On the Lord's-day, and also on the evenings of the week, his willing feet were cheerfully directed to the courts of the Lord; for he loved the habitation of Jehovah, the place where His honour dwelt. Nor was this done as a mere matter of form; for he would enter upon his devotions with an earnestness, and listen to the preaching of God's truth with an attention so absorbing, as to make

it obvious that his heart and soul were deeply engaged in this supreme business of life. He was also constant in his observance of those prudential means of grace which are peculiar to Methodism. When only a private member of Society, he could not satisfy his conscience with an occasional visit to the class-meeting and lovefeast, as, alas! too many do. For these helps to piety he cherished an ardent love. It was by their aid, more especially, that he was enabled to lay hold on the strength of God; and he therefore felt strongly their value and importance. When invested with the office of a Leader, his conviction of their usefulness became, if possible, still more decided; so that he would permit no consideration short of absolute necessity to preclude the uniform occupancy of his place; and plentifully did he reap, while passing through the chequered scenes of life, the fruits of his fidelity.

“Prayer is the sanction'd, blessed way,
That God will heavenly wisdom give;

Long as they live should Christians pray, •
For only whilst they pray, they live.”

Mr. Green entertained strong views on the subject of the Sabbath, regarding it as a Divinely-appointed institution, co-eval with man's existence; and hence perpetual in its obligation. He was now not only desirous himself to devote the sacred hours of this day to the purposes for which their Divine originator designed them, but was equally solicitous that others should enjoy the same privilege. This reverence and solicitude for the conservation of the sanctity of the Lord's day was strongly brought out on various occasions. It was a settled principle with him, after his conversion to God, not, knowingly, to have an interest in, or a connexion with, any institution or enterprise, however promising or profitable, which necessitated the desecration of that holy day. When some years ago a popular railway was started, and he was compelled to dispose of

certain property which its projectors required, he declined to take advantage either of his position or their necessities. He determined to receive no more compensation for it than he could have realized under other circumstances. In consequence of this disinterested course, the managers allotted to him a considerable number of shares. A friend, who knew the views he entertained on the question of the Sabbath, urged his acceptance of them, with the understanding that they should be immediately transferred to himself, for which he would pay him a large bonus or premium. Mr. Green, however, was true to his principles, and refused to accept of this offer. By the provisions of the Act they had secured, the Directors could compel him to dispose of the property; but as it was intended that trains should run over the line on the Lord's-day, no advantage, however great, could induce him, directly or indirectly, to facilitate its completion. He, therefore, to the surprise of his friends, and also that of the

company, utterly declined all connexion with the undertaking. With a family so numerous as that of Mr. Green's, involving claims so diversified, nothing but a deep and conscientious feeling could have induced him to make this sacrifice.

This exquisite sensitiveness of mind, in relation to the sanctity of the Sabbath, was further evidenced in the latter part of his life. Being afflicted with lameness, for a time, he was unable to reach the sanctuary without employing some means of conveyance. These a kind Providence had placed at his disposal. Yet, rather than seem to sanction a violation of the Sabbath, which he regarded as one of the crying evils of the day, although, like the aged Monarch of Israel, he had set his affections on the house of his God, and greatly prized the fellowship of saints, for some time he declined to avail himself of these privileges. And, not till he had been the subject of repeated remonstrances from various branches of his family, and other friends, in

whose judgment he was accustomed to confide, could he be induced to lend his sanction to this work of obvious necessity, and thereby be placed in circumstances to attend the public worship of Almighty God.

Mr. Green was not less scrupulous in his observance of domestic worship, than of the public ordinances of religion. From the period of his conversion, his resolution was, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." This resolution, which was sincerely formed, was also carried out with a constancy and fidelity alike creditable to his judgment and piety. He had no idea of family religion without family worship; and as he earnestly wished to promote the former, so he was regular and devout in the observance of the latter. On these occasions not only were the sacred Scriptures carefully read, but, from the altar thus reared, the incense of prayer and praise continually ascended to the Majesty on high. At these daily gatherings all, whether children or domestics, were

required to be present, and to conduct themselves with a decorum befitting the occasion. Nor would Mr. Green allow their devotions to be interrupted or disturbed by visitors or occasional callers. Such persons were expected to unite with them in these sacred exercises; or, at all events, to suspend introducing the object of their visit till these duties were fully discharged. The simplicity and earnestness with which these devotions were conducted, and the comprehensiveness and grasp of the prayers and supplications at these times offered, were such as to make not only a most favourable, but an indelible, impression on most who were privileged to join in them. The scene of some of these occasions will long be embalmed in the recollection of various branches of the interesting family he has left behind.

Mr. Green, however, felt that neither public worship in the sanctuary, nor domestic worship in the family, however earnestly and regularly conducted, could be successfully substituted for

private devotion; he was, therefore, careful to enter into his closet, and to call upon his Father in secret, that his Father who saw in secret might reward him openly. This intercourse with heaven was generally carried on in a tone which could be understood only by Him who is the "Searcher of hearts;" but on some occasions he was not only vocal, but sufficiently loud to be heard by those around him. Indeed, some of the earliest recollections of those who mourn his loss are associated with these religious exercises; for, in addition to his stated hours for private prayer, he would frequently retire to his closet, bring the case of each individual member of his family, and others, before the throne of all grace, and plead for them with a fervour and earnestness which indicated the intensity of his solicitude for their present and eternal salvation. Next to these, the purity, unity, and prosperity of the church engaged a share in his attention, sympathy, and prayers; and, though many important les-

sons of instruction, given to his children at different times, may have escaped their recollection, the remembrance of these individualizing and earnest pleadings is retained with a freshness which shows, unmistakably, the rich unction with which they must have been accompanied.

To a large extent Mr. Green was a man of one book. The sacred oracles were habitually and carefully read by him; and by this practice he had acquired an exceedingly accurate acquaintance with their inspired contents. His language was,—

“ Keep this blest volume near your side,
At morning's dawn and evening's cooling tide ;
Let all its precepts in your practice shine,
Let all its promises your joys refine ;
Be all its doctrines in your heart engraved,
And by its grace your precious souls be saved.”

A misquotation from the Bible, or an incorrect enunciation of its saving truths, was instantly detected by his well-instructed mind. His me-

mory, which was naturally vigorous and retentive, was now well stored with Divine truth. This familiarity with the Scriptures he found to be of great advantage. He had not studied systematically any of the sciences; but his knowledge of sacred writ, which is the basis of all truth and excellence, was as extensive as it was accurate; and with him the Bible was, in an eminent degree, "a lamp to the feet, and a light to the path." Nothing would satisfy him but what was in harmony with its godly precepts. It was also his sword and his shield. When he made an aggressive movement, this was the weapon he wielded; when he was thrown on the defensive, this was the buckler with which he ward off the darts and missiles of his opponents. He believed its truths sincerely, he embraced its principles heartily; and in whatever conflict he might be involved, or with whatever agency he might have to contend, the *word* was to him supreme, and its utterance was final. In all his exercises, when the issue

of the contest was at all doubtful, he would say at once, "To the law and the testimony." To its dictum he bowed with the most profound submission; or, as the case might be, he held his adversary to it with the most tenacious and unyielding grasp; resting assured that, however human science might change, the philosophy of the book of inspiration was the same, and could not but be profitable for "doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness, that the man of God might be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

"O child of sorrow, be it thine to know
That Scripture only is the cure of woe !
That field of promise, how it flings abroad
Its perfume o'er the Christian's thorny road.
The soul reposing on assured relief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief;
Forgets her labour as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song."

The few books with which Mr. Green supplemented his biblical reading and study consisted

chiefly of Commentaries on the Scriptures, the Methodist Magazine, and other Wesleyan publications. In the moral and religious tendency of these writings he had the most unbounded confidence. These he could place in the hands of his children without any misgiving; feeling that their perusal would not produce on the mind and heart any other than a conserving and sanctifying influence. Nor was he content with supplying them to his own household merely, but was anxious that they should obtain the most extensive circulation, and thus bless at large the family of man.

In Mr. Green's temperament there was a good deal of the humorous. This natural turn he appeared, though unconsciously, to have cherished and fostered. He never regarded religion as designed to diminish our joys, much less to make its subjects morose, gloomy, or melancholy. Cheerful and happy in himself, he sought to make those around him cheerful and happy too. He would sometimes indulge in homely

witticisms; but, in his most playful sallies, never descended to anything gross or offensive. Indeed, so far from this, he studiously endeavoured to exhibit the charity which "doth not behave itself unseemly." If on any occasion, in familiar intercourse with those around him, he let fall an expression which had a tendency to wound, his frank and generous nature would at once prompt him to the adoption of a course calculated to soothe and heal the aggrieved. And to the uniform consistence of himself and a few kindred spirits, under God, may be attributed the numerical strength and influential position attained by the church of which he was for so long a period a member.



CHAPTER XII.

The Head of a Family.

“Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire:
Threaten the threat’ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.”

IT is often complained, that the children of professing Christians not unfrequently pursue a course which ill accords with the affirmation of Divine truth: “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.” Could these cases of apparent failure be thoroughly investigated, it is more than probable it would be found that there had

been some serious defect in the training. Two things, essentially different from each other, must not be confounded—imparting knowledge, and habitual training. The former may be diligently attended to, the latter seriously neglected. Mr. Green was well aware that no act of devotion, whether private or public, however earnestly performed, or however often repeated, could compensate for the neglect of enlightened domestic government. He felt, also, that while in some instances it was necessary the reins should be held with a tolerable degree of firmness; it was equally necessary, in the general, his administration should be mild and suasive. It was clear to him, as it must be to every considerate man, that the infliction of corporal punishment is, for the most part, a crude and barbarous mode of correction. Indeed, he looked upon this course, when adopted, generally, as a convenient mode of venting the bad passion, which had been generated in the breast of the person inflicting it. To this process Mr. Green

had seldom, if ever, to resort. He adopted the more rational and moral course; and, in consequence, his children not only viewed him with profound respect, and cherished towards him the tenderest affection, but this method of discipline, as might reasonably be expected, had a reflex influence upon them. If at any time an irregularity occurred, the motion of the hand, or, indeed, the glance of the eye, was sufficient, for the most part, to reduce into harmony discordant elements, and bring into order the turbulent spirit. If these corrective signs failed in accomplishing their purpose, which was seldom the case, then he resorted to vocal reproofs, and earnest and affectionate expostulations: sustaining what he said by appeals either to the precepts or injunctions, to the warnings or threatenings, to the invitations or promises, of holy writ. But when this course was rendered necessary, the case was regarded as an unwonted instance of insubordination; and when such an occurrence did take place, it was almost

immediately followed by deep contrition on the part of the offending member, who could not rest till an undoubted expression of forgiveness had been accorded. Nor were these the only results produced by these judicious and prayerful efforts to train up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. It rejoiced his heart greatly to see one after another yield to the claims of Christ by giving themselves to God, and to the church of their father by the will of God. Indeed, if he felt more intensely on one subject than another, it was that his children should all walk in the fear of God, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost;—that each should consecrate his best energies to the service of the church, and the interests of mankind.

To promote these objects, and facilitate the cultivation of a fraternal feeling amongst his children, it was an invariable practice for them to meet at his table on the Thursday of every week, and spend the evening together. This arrangement, although several members of his family

were settled in life, and had children of their own, was uniformly kept up till the close of his life. All who were within any moderate distance carefully repaired to his house on these occasions. Nor can any of them, even now, revert to these family gatherings but with the most pleasurable recollection. For,—

“This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it even in age, and at our latest day.”

At these times, various subjects, in which they were respectively interested, were brought under notice, and more or less carefully considered—such as matters of a personal, domestic, commercial, or religious character; and Mr. Green found that, by a frequent and free ventilation of these topics, a good understanding was preserved among them, and they continued to take a more lively concern in each other's welfare. The holding of these weekly meetings

tended, in no small degree, to illustrate that beautiful sentiment of the Hebrew Psalmist, "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Since the decease of Mr. Green, several branches of the family have continued these periodical assemblages at each other's residences alternately; and they find in this social intercourse opportunities for interchanging kind and brotherly offices, and perpetuating those affectionate feelings and tender sympathies which ought to be cherished between the various members of the same house.

"O thou dread Power, who reign'st above !

I know thou wilt me hear,

When for this scene of peace and love

I make my prayer sincere.

* * * * *

"When soon or late they reach that coast,

O'er life's rough ocean driven,

May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,

A family in heaven !"



CHAPTER XIII.

The useful and benevolent Christian.

“BUT to the generous still improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew ;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.”

THE presence of Mr. Green was, on the whole, both pleasing and attractive; but his address was occasionally abrupt; and, from the lack of polish, had an appearance of being wanting in suavity. This sometimes made a rather unfavourable impression, especially on the minds of strangers and the over fastidious; but to those who were more intimately acquainted with “his manner of life,” these apparent or real

defects were more than compensated for. They saw in him such an obvious unsophisticatedness of purpose, such childlike simplicity, and, withal, such a generousness of nature, as, they felt, could alone flow from a soul richly imbued with the graces of the Holy Spirit; and that therefore there dwelt, beneath this imperfectly cultivated exterior, qualities of the highest order of our renewed and purified nature; such, indeed, as it were well not only earnestly to covet, but diligently to imitate. In this they were not materially at fault; for he had a heart susceptible of the tenderest sympathies and of the warmest affections. Of Mr. Green it may be said, that he was one of those who are happily "given to hospitality." His house was always accessible to the members of Christ's flock, and especially to the Ministers of the Cross. Those who were from time to time lodged beneath his roof, soon discovered that he was not unaccustomed to "entertain strangers." By him and his family they were not only cordially received,

but at his table they met with a welcome so hearty, that they could not but at once feel themselves perfectly at home. Some, indeed, who were thus favoured, still cherish a grateful remembrance of his unwavering kindness and tender consideration. Nor was he less mindful "to do good, and to distribute," in various other ways, as occasion might offer. Into the various subtleties, by which thousands excuse themselves from responding to necessitous applicants, he never entered. He knew full well that, whatever may be the provision of the parochial system for meeting the claims of the indigent, there must ever be innumerable cases for which the charity of the humane must of necessity be taxed. Appeals to his sympathy he never regarded as painful assaults from which it was either his duty or interest to shield himself. These he regarded rather as affording outlets for the richest streams of Christian benevolence and virtue. The painful condition of the poor, the bereaved, and

other objects of commiseration, frequently excited his compassion, and commanded his aid. While listening to the tale of woe from the lips of the widow or the orphan, the big tear would start from his eye, and one after another in quick succession roll down his cheek. For he had not only learnt "to rejoice with them that did rejoice," but also "to weep with them that wept." His sympathy was not cold sentimentalism, it was thoroughly practical. While his heart was moved and affected, his hand would almost involuntarily minister the required relief; and he felt that,—

"The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore."

Few, indeed, must have been the instances in which the applicant was not more or less successful with him. And never did the gathering cloud on his face scare from his door the bearer of a tale of sorrow. As far as he could possibly alleviate the sufferer, or assuage the

grief of the troubled, it was done promptly, and, when the nature and duration of the case required it, repeatedly. Besides these occasional recipients of his bounty, there were not a few who might be regarded as regular pensioners upon his liberality, receiving from him periodically such aid as tended materially to smooth for them the rugged path of life. Thus,

“In duty prompt, at every call,
He watch’d and wept, he pray’d and felt for all.”

Mr. Green was also one of the early promoters of the “Strangers’ Friend Society” of the town; an institution based on truly catholic principles, and which, during his connexion with it, distributed towards the relief of the sick poor many hundreds of pounds. In its organization he took a deep interest, and aided materially in its various operations. Towards its funds he did not only himself cheerfully contribute, but enlisted on its behalf the sympathy and support of many of his friends. For a very long period he filled

the office of President to the Society, discharging its duties with rare constancy and unflagging zeal.

The estimate in which Mr. Green's services were held by this Society may be gathered from the high testimony borne to his character in their Report for the year 1858-9. (See Appendix.)

Mr. Green's sympathies were not, however, limited to the physical sufferings of humanity. He felt intensely for the moral and spiritual degradation of our race; and, as opportunity offered, put forth the most strenuous exertions to improve and elevate his fellow-men. For this purpose he used to visit those abodes which were the haunts of the most harrowing wretchedness, polluting vices, and squalid poverty. On these occasions he would carefully inquire into the state and necessities of the several inmates, administer pecuniary relief when it was required, and then avail himself of the opportunity to appeal to their hearts and consciences, supporting his appeals by apt quotations from the word of God, and by vari-

ous considerations urging those whom he addressed to flee from the wrath to come. If he succeeded in alarming their fears by leading them to a full and clear discovery of the imminence of their danger, he would then endeavour to conduct them to the foot of the cross, and direct them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. At such times he was especially earnest in pressing them to seek a present salvation; and, in not a few instances, was gladdened by seeing the objects of his solicitude enabled to believe with their hearts unto righteousness. These, among others, it is confidently anticipated, will be the crown of his rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

The tendency to "strifes, backbitings, whisperings," and other kindred evils, which, alas, too frequently exist among professors of religion, was deeply deplored by Mr. Green, and he was very assiduous in his endeavours to suppress it whenever it came within the range of his influence. Sometimes he would attempt to check this fault

by directing towards the guilty a withering glance. At other times he would utter a sharp and public rebuke, which the offender would feel most acutely; for when he girt himself to an attack, the assault was always formidable, and never failed to leave behind it a sting which could not be easily extracted. More generally, however, he dealt with this mischief with great delicacy, and after a method that was somewhat novel, if not altogether peculiar to himself. To meet cases in which a public reproof would be more likely to be injurious than beneficial, he had cards prepared with the following motto,—“Study to be quiet, and do your own business.” Of these he had generally an ample supply; and his custom was quietly to slip one of these into the hands of the person he was anxious to correct. The result, for the most part, was an agreeable discomfiture of the delinquent, who would at once desist from his error, and not unfrequently smile at the ingenious and inoffensive manner in which rebuke had been administered.

Under no circumstance would Mr. Green connive at open and flagrant vice, or suffer it to pass unnoticed. In one way or another he would contrive to get at the offender, and make him, if possible, feel the folly, criminality, and disgracefulness of his conduct. Either by reproof, admonition, exhortation, or prayer, he would acquit himself of his blood. Now and then in these rencounters he would meet with very striking success. The following may be taken as an example:—There was a person,—the son of a pious widow,—resident in a neighbouring parish, whose profligacy for years was proverbial, and a terror to all around him. On the behalf of this poor prodigal, his sainted mother had offered strong cries and tears to the Lord God of sabaoth. His conversion she had desired above either riches or life; but she had not been permitted to witness it while on earth. After much painful exercise and suffering, arising from the ungodly deeds of this outcast, she was delivered from the sorrows of the present life—she “was not, for

God took " her. After her decease, the son for awhile became more abandoned and debauched than ever; the little property she left behind her having furnished him with increased facilities for indulging his propensity to intemperance and revelry. When in his drunken freaks, he would often wander to those lime-kilns, which, as before intimated, Mr. Green held in the vicinity, and which were usually kept in full work, attracted, it is presumed, by the heat. There he would lay himself down for a slumber, and in the morning would be found on some occasions so near the edge, that if in his sleep he had turned round, he must have rolled over into the kiln, and, before any aid could have reached him,—even if he could have given an alarm,—been burnt to death. Mr. Green had frequently met with him in these circumstances, and strongly remonstrated against the reckless course he was pursuing, reminding him of the fearful risk he ran. All his warnings, however, for some time were fruitless and vain. But he was not the man to be

deterred by repeated failures from persevering in what he conceived to be his duty. He "sowed beside all waters;" "in the morning he sowed his seed, and in the evening he withheld not his hand; for he knew not which would prosper, this or that." Accordingly, as on reaching the limekilns one morning he once more discovered this miserable drunkard fast asleep on the brink of one of them, he again prepared for a charge. Raising his voice to the highest pitch, he exclaimed in words of thunder, "What! art thou determined to burn thy body in the blazing kiln, and then thy soul eternally in hell?" Reproofs equally powerful had been given before, but now a deep and lasting impression was made. The man was not only startled from his sleep, but his spiritual susceptibilities were aroused and thoroughly awakened. Conviction that could not be shaken off was fastened on his conscience. His guilt and peril, in appalling forms, glared before his mental eye; and now—after having spent between twenty and thirty years in wantonness and vice,

during which, to use his own expressions, he had “smashed up his home two or three times” by disposing of all he possessed for the gratification of his insatiate and vicious appetite—he at once resolved to forsake his wicked ways. The use of intoxicating drinks was given up; God’s mercy, through Jesus Christ, was sought; and a conscious pardon realized. He then joined the Wesleyan-Methodist church, and for the last sixteen or eighteen years has borne the character of a Christian man.

“Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel’s happiness shalt know,—
Shalt bless the earth; while in the world above
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow.”

Most towns of any importance have municipal and other public offices, either arising from the exigences of the population, or else rendered necessary by the existing political organization of society. For the promotion of the weal of the

community, it is a desideratum that these offices should be sustained by thoughtful Christian men. It is too customary, however, with men of this class, to manifest an indisposition to be laden with their burden and care. Some plead the urgency of their private affairs, alleging that these so completely absorb their time as to leave them no leisure for public engagements. Others excuse themselves, on the score that the matters are no particular concern of theirs, and that, therefore, they may be left to other hands, by which they may be quite as well managed. A greater number shrink from these positions of trust and of usefulness because of a dislike for the party contests and insults to which they might be subjected in their attainment, and a disrelish for the strifes and debates in which they might be involved when discharging their duty and executing their functions. But whatever may be the pretext on which such men seek to justify their abstention from office, it is yet a question whether they are doing their duty to God and

their country by the line of conduct which they adopt. The result is, that other men, over whose hearts the grace of God has no influence, and who, in other respects, possess no higher qualifications than themselves, are elevated to these positions; and thus the public service, from the absence of the religious element in its administration, is lowered and injured. To such men we would suggest whether they are not incurring a serious responsibility; and whether it would not be better if, instead of acting as they do, they were, at some sacrifice of their own interests and feelings, to evidence a willingness to assume their place and functions in society, for which both providence and grace have eminently fitted them? In their category Mr. Green must not be placed. Taking the liveliest interest in everything that pertained to the welfare of the town in which he resided, he was never indisposed to undertake any duty which the public might be pleased to impose on him. With some of the more important and onerous offices in the town of Bradford he was

once and again invested; and as he acted on the principle that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, in all these he so acquitted himself as to gain honour for himself, confer benefit on the community, and give satisfaction to his constituents and friends. Among other offices which he was called upon to hold was that of a Guardian of the Poor. On his election to this office, his appointment was hailed by all parties with the most cordial approbation. For it he was especially adapted by the benevolence of his heart, the generosity of his impulses, and large and varied experience; and in it he continued, by successive re-elections, for fourteen years. Other pressing engagements at length inducing him to retire, the officers of the Union presented him with an address, beautifully engrossed on vellum, and encased in a handsome frame, expressive of their regret at the loss of his services, and the high sense with which they appreciated the regularity of his attendance at the Board, the tenderness of

his sympathies for the poor, and the unvarying courtesy with which he had always treated themselves. (See Appendix.)

Active as Mr. Green was in other departments of usefulness, his chief energies were devoted to the church of his choice. To Methodism, under God, he was indebted for his "translation from the power of Satan to the kingdom of God's dear Son." Owing to it his salvation and piety, and grateful for the benefits it had conferred on him, he felt that he could not love it too ardently, cleave to it too firmly, or serve it too faithfully. Its doctrines he confidently believed, regarding them as grand, redeeming, Divine verities, to be heartily embraced and experimentally realized. Of its polity and order he thoroughly approved, viewing them as a system of wholesome and godly discipline, to be practically obeyed, unflinchingly adhered to, and reverently conserved. To its institutions he gave a warm, generous, and liberal support; considering them to be important centres and instrumentalities of Christian benevolence

and power for the spread of truth and dissemination of religion. For a series of years he was a zealous and diligent [Class-Leader, and in this office exhibited both gifts and graces that were acceptable and edifying. He also, at different periods, occupied other positions of Methodistic trust and responsibility, in all of which he proved himself a good steward, and acted as one that must give an account.

For Eastbrook chapel, his spiritual home during the last thirty years of his life, he cherished an intense affection. When first built, he gave of his substance, according to his ability, for the erection, and became one of its Trustees. When, a few years later, an enlargement had become necessary, he again came forward, and was one of the first to put down his subscription in furtherance of the project. Nor was this his last contribution to his favourite sanctuary. As the chapel was heavily encumbered with debt, a short time before his decease an effort was made for its relief. The Trustees nobly determined to

reduce the amount of their liabilities by three thousand pounds. Once more he willingly lent his aid; and this time his donation was a fifteenth of the required sum—no less than two hundred pounds.

Thus did Mr. Green show himself “an example to the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity,” “not forgetting,” even to life’s close, “to do good and to distribute.”

“Charity or Love,”

* * * *

“O never seen but in thy blest effects,
Or felt but in the soul that Heaven selects;
Who seeks to praise thee, and to make thee known
To other hearts, must have thee in his own.”



CHAPTER XIV.

The Afflicted and Dying Saint.

“ALONG the gentle slope of life’s decline
He bent his gradual way ; till, full of years,
He dropp’d, like mellow fruit, into his grave.”

THE world is a school in which we have numerous and important lessons to learn. But how often it happens when these have been mastered, and we apparently have become best fitted for turning them to profit, the opportunity for giving them a practical effect is taken away! Good men, when most ripe in knowledge, most mature in wisdom, most mellow in experience, are generally summoned from this probationary state to that of final account. This is one of the mysteries of Providence, which it would be vain

for us to attempt thoroughly to unravel. And yet some of the reasons which influence the Divine mind in thus removing from this life those who are most thoroughly instructed in "every good word and work," are not so obscure and hidden as to be altogether beyond the reach of our apprehension. In such a treatment of His saints—the excellent that are in the earth—one thing which God intends is, no doubt, to teach us that what we do we should do quickly, and that both in the acquisition and the application of piety we should do with our might that which our hand findeth to do, inasmuch as there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither we are going. The church, too, by these dispensations, is taught that its stability and progress are not dependent on man "who abideth not," however rich and varied may be his endowments, or however deep and uniform his piety, but on the "living God," who, having begun the good work, will carry it on till the day of the Lord Jesus. As it has

been emphatically said, "He buries His workmen, but carries on His work."

"The days of a man's years are threescore years and ten." To within about two years of this limit of the term of human existence on earth Mr. Green had reached without manifesting any particular symptom of decay. At sixty-eight his bodily frame was still vigorous, and his mental faculties as fresh and clear as ever. In most respects he had still upon him the dew of his youth. At that time, however, he was seized with an illness that seriously affected and shook his physical system. The strong man was bowed. Still, no fatal consequences were apprehended; for, though his health became somewhat precarious, it was thought that his naturally robust constitution retained sufficient stamina, if not to resist some of the immediate effects of this attack, yet, in the course of time, to throw them off entirely. But these hopes proved delusive. A disease, which was insidiously working, had laid hold of him; and nature, great as was the confidence

which was placed in its resuscitating power, never fully rallied.

On the 18th of September, 1858, Mr. Green attained his seventieth year. He then seemed to be convalescent, and himself believed that but for a slight wound from which he was suffering, he was in tolerable health. But this, which was regarded as of little consequence, refused to yield to the remedial treatment. Instead of being a mere local and temporary affection, as he and his friends supposed, and healing up quickly, as similar things in his case had been wont to do, it turned out to be a stubborn development of a thorough and incurable constitutional derangement, sapping the very vitals of his system. From the effects of his disorder he soon gradually sank, his strength becoming daily more feeble and prostrate. At intervals, indeed, both he and his relatives imagined there was real improvement, and that eventually he would recover; but, after the lapse of little more than three weeks, it became too clear, both to himself and those

around him, that his days were already numbered, and his sickness was unto death.

When visiting the dying beds of veteran saints, many are apt to press them unreasonably with questions as to their present feelings and future prospects, and they expect to hear from them invariably the voice of joy and triumph. Doubtless it is a grateful thing to learn from the lips of aged followers of the Lord Jesus, as the time of their departure draweth nigh, that all is well, and to find them able jubilantly to take up the victor's strain, and say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." But it is quite as common for old soldiers of the cross to be calm and tranquil as to be distinguished by ecstasy and triumph. They are not just fresh from the battle-field, flushed and excited with newly-achieved conquest; but they are already "more than conquerors through Him that hath loved them," and, in the possession of a peace serene

like that of heaven, they are even now reaping and enjoying the fruits of their victory. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." Such, in an eminent degree, was the close of Mr. Green's earthly pilgrimage. About his latter days there was not so much of exultation as of "quietness and assurance." When he became fully aware that he must die and not live, there was no murmuring or repining, no conflict with natural feelings or spiritual foes, but a gentle, holy acquiescence in the Divine will, undisturbed by either doubt or fear, and a confident anticipation of eternal rest. His experience of the all-sufficiency of Divine grace was remarkably full and rich, and this was accompanied with an aptitude and force of expression that made it pleasant to converse with him, and greatly soothed the grief and sorrow of his mourning friends.

"The tongues of dying men

Enforce attention, like deep harmony :

When words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain ;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they, who in youth and ease have taught to gloss :
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before :
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last ;
Writ in remembrance more, than things long past."

Much that he said, however, is now beyond record; and of his sayings only such fragmentary portions can be submitted to the reader as the writer is able to recall from some of his last interviews with his dying friend.

On the 14th of October the writer conversed with him at large on the subject of his past religious experience, his present consolation and support, and his future prospects. On each of these topics Mr. Green expressed himself with a clearness and candour, a simplicity and earnestness, which was to those around him exceedingly gratifying. Previous to retiring, he, by prayer and supplication, brought his case before the Father of mercies. To every petition Mr. Green

responded with a heartiness such as might be expected from a person in the circumstances in which he felt himself then placed. On withdrawing, and saying, "Well, Mr. Green, I must commend you to God, and the word of His grace," he replied, "There is no other source,"—meaning of comfort and help,—and then, with peculiar energy, exclaimed,—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee !"

On a subsequent occasion he expressed himself as willing to go, or, if he could serve the interests of the church thereby, to stay a little longer.

On the 16th of the same month, after a free conversation with the writer, on the subject of personal religion, and the glories of the celestial state, he observed, "One hath said, 'Skin for skin; all that a man hath will he give for his life;' but *I* do not find it exactly so. It is not to me a matter of importance whether I live or

die." After a pause, he then remarked, "I have tasted of the wormwood and the gall. I have felt the pressure of a guilty conscience, and I have felt the joy of pardon. Forty-six years ago the Lord spoke peace to my soul; and, O, the happy change! I was obliged to say, 'It is enough, Lord.' I *felt* it through my whole system. I was almost overpowered, and I cried, 'Enough, Lord; enough.' The enemy buffeted me for that; but all—all was well." In the same strain of cheerful confidence, he frequently addressed his family and those Christian friends who had the privilege of visiting him.

On the 22d of October it was obvious to those around him that he was fast sinking; and after some conversation and prayer the writer said, "You have no fear of the dark valley, Mr. Green?" He replied, "Why should I? That matter was settled between me and my Lord forty-six years ago." Shortly afterwards it was observed that he was suffering exquisite pain, and one of his daughters quoted the words,—

“When pain o’er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast.”

He at once rejoined, “God does so;” and finished the quotation:—

“When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.”

Happening to see that his children, who were gathered around his bed, were shedding tears, he said to them, “Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me;” adding,—

“Not a cloud doth arise to darken the skies,
Or hide for one moment my Lord from my eyes.”

As the final scene drew towards a close, on being asked how he felt, he replied, “All is right—all is right. ‘I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give unto me in that day.’” In this delightful frame of mind he continued, testifying to the

presence and blessing of his Lord and Master, till the evening of Monday, the 25th of October; when, surrounded by his numerous family, in the full possession of his faculties, and a complete assurance of "glory, honour, and immortality," his spirit winged its flight to the portals of the sky, in the seventy-first year of his age. Thus was one more added to the multitude which no man can number, who sing the praises of God and the Lamb for ever.

"There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies;
That sing, and singing in their glory, move
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes."



CHAPTER XV

The good Man laid in his Tomb, and his Worth
publicly acknowledged.

“ Why should our ceaseless tears be shed
On the cold turf that wraps the dead,
As if their names were cross'd
From out the book of life? Ah, no !
'T is we who scarcely live, that linger still below.”

THE burial of the dead is a practice which has obtained in all ages and amongst most nations. Its necessity and propriety are instinctively suggested. What Abraham said to the children of Heth when his beloved Sarah was taken from him, “ Give me a possession, that I may bury my dead out of my sight,” was no more than the expression of a sentiment common

to mankind. However strong our attachment to our deceased friends, however great the obligations under which they have laid us, however irreparable the loss which their removal has occasioned, to defer their interment beyond reasonable limits, would be not only an act of infidelity to them, but also to inflict untold mischief both upon ourselves and others.

Connected with funeral rites and obsequies there is much that is solemn and imposing. Not only are they works of necessity and prudence, but also of piety, charity, and mercy. They likewise afford surviving relations an opportunity of testifying their grief at their bereavement, and paying their last tribute of esteem and affection for those they loved; as well as furnish occasions in which a sympathizing public may manifest its regard and respect for the character and memory of those who are no more among the living.

Mr. Green's funeral was not an ordinary one. Whatever the disadvantages were under which

he laboured from the want of education in early youth, he had occupied too prominent a position in society, and too important and useful a place in the church, to be allowed to pass away as though he had not been. Accordingly, when the day arrived for carrying his earthly remains to their last resting-place, he was followed to the grave not only by the numerous members of his own family and attached friends, but also by a very large concourse of neighbours, church-officers, public functionaries, and a multitude of the poor. These, having gathered round his residence, fell into order, and formed a large and striking procession. As these wended their way towards the place of sepulture, others swelled their ranks; so that, by the time they reached Eastbrook chapel, where an almost equal number waited to receive and join them, they formed a very imposing body indeed.

On the arrival of the *cortége* at the chapel, the coffin was taken out of the hearse, and, as in the case of Stephen, devout men carried Mr.

Green to his burial, headed by the Minister reading the impressive sentences, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth on me, shall never die." As they entered the sacred edifice, the magnificent organ was pouring forth its solemn tones in the "Dead March in Saul." When this had been gone through, and the Psalms and Lesson for the occasion read, an appropriate address was delivered to the immense concourse gathered within the place, which was followed by an extempore prayer, marked by earnestness and pathos. The body was then taken to the family grave in front of the chapel, and lowered into its last resting-place, after which the remainder of the service arranged for these occasions was read amidst the most profound silence.

"Then was the drama ended. Not till then,
So full of chance and change the lives of men,

Could we pronounce him happy. Then secure
From pain, from grief, and all that we endure,
He slept in peace—say, rather, soar'd to heaven,
Upborne from earth by Him to whom 't is given
In his right hand to hold the golden key
That opes the portals of eternity."

For,—

"When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone,
And, with a voice inspiring joy with fear,
Says, pointing upwards, 'Know, he is not here!'"

The propriety or advantage of "Funeral Sermons" is questioned and even denied by some, but approved and warmly advocated by others. Their indiscriminate use is, no doubt, a folly and a mischief; but in the case of one of generally acknowledged piety, who has long professed the religion of the Lord Jesus, and uniformly walked worthy his vocation, an improvement of his decease would be likely to be fraught with much advantage to the survivors. Mr. Green was such a character; so, at the earliest oppor-

tunity that offered, and at the earnest request of the family, the writer preached his funeral sermon in the Eastbrook chapel to a congregation of about two thousand persons. These attended to the discourse delivered on the occasion, and also to the narrative appended at its close, with serious, devout, and almost breathless attention; and it is confidently hoped they retired more deeply impressed with a sense of their own approaching mortality, and were induced to seek more earnestly a preparation for their own final departure.

“ Our brother the haven has gain'd,
Out-flying the tempest and wind ;
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.”



CHAPTER XVI.

Conclusion.

"FATHER of Light and Life ! thou God Supreme !
O teach me what is good ! teach me thyself !
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !"

HAVING passed under review the character of a truly good man, whose general deportment, as well as particular virtues, must have secured the cordial approval of the enlightened reader, and suggested thoughts for prayerful consideration, the writer cannot close this account without indulging in a few reflections. He conceives that Mr. Green's case supplies a striking

example of the fact, that the most successful issues are not altogether dependent on propitious beginnings. There have been in all ages those who have entered on the journey of life under the most unfavourable and discouraging circumstances; but, ere they reached its termination, have been crowned with distinction and honour. At the commencement of their course they had neither education, position, nor means; but, in their progress, they have risen above these disadvantages, sprung out from the ranks of their fellows, and occupied not only a prominent, but singularly useful, place in society. They have breasted the threatening surge, stemmed the sweeping torrent, successfully grappled with numerous difficulties, and surmounted and triumphed over multiplied obstacles. They have not only been the "architects of their own fortunes," but, while they have ascended in the scale of society themselves, they have also contributed in no small degree to bless and elevate those around them. This was the case in an eminent degree

with the subject of this small volume. Had he, like many, folded his arms, spent his hours in idleness, or indulged in fruitless complaints of his times and circumstances; or had he waited for some fortuitous occurrence to pour blessings into his lap, the probability is, that through life he would have been assailed by poverty, and found it next to impracticable to obtain the barest necessities of existence. But from early youth he was taught that the bread which he would eat must be earned by the sweat of his brow; and well did he learn the important lesson, and carry it into practice in his daily walk. The same amount of success with which his efforts were crowned may not follow in every case, but all may aspire after a like distinction; and if their aspirations be accompanied by the same amount of industry, sobriety, and thrift, though they may not acquire so much wealth and property, their efforts are sure to be rewarded by an increase of the comforts of life, and a corresponding degree of respect and influ-

ence in society. But even in worldly matters, those who imbibe the spirit of true godliness, and yield a cheerful compliance to its paramount claims, have greatly the advantage. The religious element, when rightly blended with secular pursuits, will not only be a support under pressure, and enable us to bear the ills of life with fortitude, but it will arouse our dormant powers, quicken our inventive faculties, lead to the discovery of new sources of pleasure and profit, give clearness and precision to our plans and designs, and supply a powerful and resistless impetus to all our exertions. This was one of the secrets of Mr. Green's success. Religion was to him the "one thing." All other objects were pursued in subordination to it. This was the spring which gave motion to his active life, the pendulum which measured his every step, the balance which regulated his varied movements, and the supreme end of all his desires. To be thoroughly imbued with its spirit, and entirely guided by its precepts, was

his highest ambition. Destitute of piety, he would have been like the restive horse, without either bit or bridle, or have resembled the mariner at sea, without either helm or compass ; but with it in his possession, he had a sure defence and an unerring guide. Hence his mind was calm, his spirit peaceful, his efforts untiring, and, with the blessing of Him who "maketh rich," not "vain in the Lord." Nor in this respect need any despair of emulating him. A piety equally deep and elevated is within their reach. In the economy of grace the provision is not only ample and appropriate, but free and without respect of persons. To this treasury all have liberty of access, and, by drawing upon its stores, each may be equally blessed and enriched. For it is "he that asketh who receiveth," and the lesson taught us by Him out of whose fulness we all receive is, "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

"Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but whilst thou livest,
Live well ; how long, how short, permit to heaven !"

But, indeed,

“He lives *long* who lives well ;

While time mis-spent is not lived, but lost.”

Rightly to estimate the talents and opportunities with which Almighty God has entrusted us, and suitably to improve them, is not only the safest but readiest way to distinction and honour. “The difference between one man and another,” as an eminent judge of character has said, “is not ability, but energy.” Those who are most richly endowed, both by nature and providence, and favoured with numerous opportunities in which to exercise and manifest their gifts, are often prone to misapply and abuse them ; while those whose powers are limited and of no particular mark are apt to neglect and bury them. Where much is given, much will unquestionably be required ; and if we would give an “account with joy, and not with grief,” even where but little is given, that little must be duly husbanded ; for not only will he that hath “ten

talents" have to render an account, but likewise he that hath but "one." If that one be put to use, it, like the ten and the two talents, may be doubled. "For he that hath, to him shall be given; and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath." Mr. Green did not spend his time in lamentation over that which he had not, or in envying those who were more highly gifted than himself. He put forth his powers to the best of his ability, in confident reliance upon Him "who giveth us all things richly to enjoy;" and he proved the truth of the promise, "Them that honour me, I will honour, saith the Lord." Indeed, he felt that "the way to secure a good reputation is to be what you desire to appear." There are some objects, however, whose general outline while in the distance commands our approval and admiration; but, as they are neared and brought under closer inspection, we discover in them imperfections so numerous and glaring as not only to mar their beauty, but likewise render them

unsightly and offensive. We have seen some trees, richly and luxuriantly clad in foliage, and while remote presenting all the appearance of fruitfulness, but which, when more closely examined, have proved barren and unproductive. Such is the case with some religious professors. They assume the designation and publicly profess to be the disciples of the Lord Jesus. While viewed afar off, they pass as current; but when placed under immediate inspection, they prove to be either counterfeits, or a most miserable alloy. There is the form, without the power of godliness—the name, without the reality of religion—the profession, without the practice of piety. The form may be pompous, the name antique, the profession bold; but neither the form, the name, nor the profession can compensate for the want of the essence, power, and practice of Christianity. “Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.” Mr. Green’s course, how-

ever, was such as to enable him to affirm, without any apprehension of being successfully contradicted, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live is a life of faith on the Son of God." He had no fear of "meeting the enemy in the gate." Nor was he ignorant of the fact, that, while men live, various considerations may prompt those around them to speak to and of them in flattering terms; but when life is extinct, and they can no longer be influenced by such adulations, the real sentiments which obtain respecting them will be unreservedly uttered. The guardianship of his character, however, he felt he could confidently leave with Him into whose hands for a long series of years he had committed his all. Nor was it likely to suffer by such a course. His piety was too deep, sincere, and ardent, and his various moral qualities too genuine and obvious, to admit of suspicion or be seriously affected by that candid and impartial scrutiny to which the public usually submit them. And his own imme-

ciate friends had such confidence in his sterling worth, that they were fully prepared to abide the issue of this verdict. Indeed, they felt assured that the more thoroughly his principles and actions were sifted, and the motives and objects of his daily aim considered, the stronger would appear his claims to public approval, and the higher would he rise in public esteem. Nor were they in this respect at all disappointed. The testimonies borne to his character and virtues were not only numerous and varied, but most satisfactory and gratifying. We would, therefore, affectionately invite and pressingly urge the reader seriously to contemplate and earnestly to follow his bright example; and, by copying his consistent and godly conversation, imitating his uniform and ceaseless endeavour to stir up the gift that was in him, and emulating his steady and quenchless zeal for the promotion of the public good and God's glory, to seek a participation in the same good report and undying renown which greeted him as he passes from earth

to heaven. "For if ye do these things, ye shall never fall: for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above yon angel powers
In glorious joy to live ;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in."



APPENDIX.

I.

TESTIMONIAL FROM THE OFFICERS OF THE BRADFORD
UNION.

II.

EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT OF THE "BRADFORD
BENEVOLENT AND STRANGERS' FRIEND SOCIETY."

III.

EXTRACT FROM AN ACCOUNT OF THE INTERMENT
GIVEN IN THE "BRADFORD OBSERVER."

IV

REFERENCE TO TABLET AND TOMB.

APPENDIX.

I.

COPY OF A TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO MR. GREEN
BY THE OFFICERS OF THE BRADFORD UNION, ON
HIS RETIRING FROM THE OFFICE OF GUARDIAN
OF THE POOR.

BRADFORD UNION.

Bradford, April 18th, 1855.

To James Green, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

WE, the undersigned officers of the Bradford Union, desire to express our sincere regret that other engagements and increasing years should have induced you to decline being again nominated as a Guardian—an office which you have filled so long and so ably.

In whatever point of view we look at that retirement, we see much to regret. Your zealous attention at the Board, your uniform kind treatment of the poor, and your friendly and courteous behaviour at all

times to us collectively and individually, render this separation more than ordinarily painful.

It is true that we could also apply many of these sentiments to other retiring Guardians, but we hope again to see them Members of the Board; whereas, from what you have positively stated, we cannot allow ourselves this hope in your case, and we are, therefore, thus prompted to address you; and now that our official connexion is at an end, we would earnestly hope that many years of health and happiness may be your lot, and that we, in common with the members of your own household, may often have the opportunity of an interchange of good feeling with our old and valued friend.

With every sentiment of esteem and regard,

We remain, dear Sir,

Faithfully and sincerely yours,

JOHN SMITH, Chairman.

JOSEPH HICK, Vice-Chairman.

JOHN DARLINGTON, Union Clerk.

JONAS JENNINGS, Relieving Officer.

JONAS BOOTH, Relieving Officer.

AMOS BARSTOW, Relieving Officer.

JOHN WILCOCK, Pay Clerk.

FREDERICK TUCKER, Master.

SUSAN TUCKER, Matron.

ROBERT EVERS, Schoolmaster.

MARY PERKIN, Schoolmistress.

JOHN KEIGHLEY, Porter.

JANE BRAY, Nurse.*

JOHN BURNETT, LL.D., Chaplain of the Workhouse.

ROBERT BENSON LEWIS, M.B., Medical Officer of the Workhouse.

J. W. ROBERTS, Medical Officer.

J. M'NUCHAN, Medical Officer.

GEORGE P. SMITH, Medical Officer.

WILLIAM FIELD, Medical Officer.

W. W. BARLOW, Overseer of Bradford.

G. B. CROWTHER, Assistant Overseer.

JAMES ELLIS, Assistant Overseer.

BENJAMIN CRABTREE, Assistant Overseer.

THOMAS CROWTHER, Assistant Clerk.

SQ. FABRER.

* On the original document the signatures are in two columns, the first commencing with J. Smith, Esq., the second with Dr. Burnett.

II.

EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT OF THE BRADFORD
BENEVOLENT AND STRANGERS' FRIEND SOCIETY,
1858-9.

THE Committee have now to record the death of their late worthy President, James Green, Esq., who was one of the original founders of the institution.

The Committee are unwilling to obtrude any private history of their members on the notice of the subscribers; but the extraordinary worth of their late President deserves to be recorded in the annals of the Society, that his virtues may excite imitation. A brighter example of industry, prudence, frugality, and benevolence has seldom been manifested, than for a long series of years was exemplified in the late Mr. Green. Diligent in business, exact in his accounts, punctual in all his engagements, pious towards God, and liberal in all his contributions to the poor and to the stranger in distress; his heart and his purse were always open to the calls of private distress, whenever its claims were in his judgment well founded. To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and relieve the distressed, was his delight.

From his earliest connexion with this Society, he most conscientiously and assiduously discharged the duties of the Society. He was a man of deep piety and unfeigned humility; therefore his acts of beneficence were for the sole purpose of doing good to his fellow-creatures, and of glorifying God. He studiously avoided the praises of men, and attended to the spirit of that command, "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

"For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was,
That grew the more by reaping."



MR GREEN'S TOMB.

See App.

A. T. a. Riviere Lith.

III.

EXTRACT FROM AN ACCOUNT OF THE INTERMENT
GIVEN IN THE "BRADFORD OBSERVER."

"ONE very poor person," an aged widow, "while the body was being committed to the tomb, was heard to say, 'My best and closest friend is Jesus Christ, and next to him was Mr. Green, and he is gone.' " The sentiment to which this recipient of his bounty gave expression was sympathized in by many others.

"The conqueror is regarded with awe, the wise man commands our esteem; but it is the benevolent man who wins our affection."

IV.

REFERENCE TO TABLET AND TOMB.

As an expression of the high sense which they entertain of the character and virtues of the deceased, and the sincere affection they cherish for his memory,—an affection so deep that neither the chilling hand of death nor the lapse of time can either subvert or diminish,—the family have erected a monumental tablet

in Eastbrook chapel, in a position contiguous to the seat which Mr. Green occupied for so many years.

In front of the chapel a handsome gothic tomb indicates the place where his mortal remains rest.

“The end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.”

Therefore,—

“Redeem thine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joys or grief
When Time and thou shall part for ever !”

THE END.

